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The Week

THE appointment of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State would, we understand, mean a certain definite policy,—to wit—negotations with the four principle Powers for amendments to the League of Nations Covenant; submission to them of reservations declining to accept responsibility for the enforcement of the Treaty of Versailles. In other words, the United States would enter the League and would ratify the Treaty, but would do both these things with emphatic and drastic reservations, and would do them quite separately. The point of such a policy is a determination definitely to divorce the Treaty from the Covenant. Such a divorce we have thought desirable ever since the terms of the Treaty were known; and on the face of it, we cannot see why this is not the best possible program under the circumstances. However, the program itself is by no means so important as what will happen afterwards: the proof of what it is worth will be only a little in the character of the reservations; it will be chiefly not in saying what we will not do, but in what we do do. In the Republican attitude toward disarmament, economic cooperation with Europe, respect for treaties as in the matter of Panama tolls, respect for smaller nations as in the matter of Mexico, will be found the ultimate test of sincerity and wisdom.

ONE of the most dangerous clouds on the horizon of the Republican administration is the determination, clearer now than ever, to exempt American vessels from the Panama canal tolls. There are two ways in which this may be done: to exempt all American vessels, or to exempt only those plying a coastwise traffic,—for instance, vessels sailing from San Francisco to New Orleans through the Canal. The first would strike a blow at English shipping; the second would injure Canadian shipping; either step would be a clear violation of our treaty with Great Britain. If such an exemption is put forward the gain would be that of a few shipping firms alone; while the loss to our honor in the eyes of other nations, would be the loss of the whole United States. If the Republicans make such an exemption, then what many had feared from them will be proven true: that their ears are attentive to the demands of special interests.

GOVERNOR Miller has the New York legislature behind him, so much so in fact that he can afford to express himself boldly in the matter of the state's finances. *Thrift; drastic, merciless, thrift* is the burden of his message. His shortcuts to economy will be: no new positions; rather the abolition of old and unnecessary ones; no salary increases; abolition, reorganization, consolidation of many departments; the elimination of waste and duplication. His message suggests a ruthless personality; a determination that recalls Hughes, and

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forecasts something like Hughes's long stubborn battle with an easier-going legislature. Where the Governor's words seem to promise little mercy for the holders of soft jobs, they are welcome. But there is another side to Governor Miller's drastic schedule of retrenchment besides the hope it may inspire. It is a paper schedule, and a scheme in which a zeal for economy seems to predominate over a desire to weigh carefully many of the state's functions before amputating them. The Governor himself says that "the legislature will be compelled this year . . . . to make appropriations without the aid of that careful survey of departmental work which is requisite." There is danger that some of the lean may be slashed off with the fat, and that the state will have later to pay a bill all the heavier for neglecting to do things necessary now. There is danger that economy will come before a careful scientific consideration of the work the state does and should do. There is danger that Governor Miller, in his effort to save money, will try to spend only three dollars on a job that cannot decently be done for less than five.

FOR the last month, ever since the New York World launched a remarkable campaign for disarmament, its pages have been full of testimonials of the depth of public opinion on this subject. Letters have poured in to the World from people of all sorts all over the globe. Among those who have supported, more or less enthusiastically, the move for a reduction of armaments are, among naval and military men, General Pershing, General Sir F. Maurice, Colonel Repington, General Sarrail, Vice-Admiral Bienaimé, W. H. Long—First Lord of the British Admiralty, and the Navy League of Great Britain. Besides, there are scholars, public men, divines, newspaper editors, without number: Robert Bridges, Sir Gilbert Murray, the Pope, Hoover, Northcliffe, Hiram Johnson, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Paul Cravath, Senator Harding, André Tardieu, Viviani, Dr. Nansen, Maître Henri Robert, Samuel Gompers, Stephen Leacock. The diversity of these men of some eminence testifies to the deep emotion that exists in millions of other more nameless people.

WHAT stands against the opinion called forth by the World's crusade? A great fear. In this respect the most important contribution of all is the following: "If the United States will ally itself with the great naval Powers to establish a 'naval holiday' Japan will be among the first to agree to it." After these words, spoken by Viscount Ishii, the Japanese ambassador to France, what excuse has America for increasing her navy? And Baron Hayashi, ambassador to London, having "duly noted"—in words that exactly summarize Mr. Norman Angell's "Great Illusion"—"that modern war is not a paying proposition whether for the vanquished or the victors," says that Japan is not in an armament race, and that she would "cordially respond" to suggestions from us on reducing armaments. Japan plainly offers us the opportunity to try great things. Will Congress jump at the chance?

THE decision in 1912 in the case of the Danbury hatters denied labor the right to prevent the sale of the product of employers against whom they were on strike. The Clayton act, passed in 1914 by a Democratic Congress, besides restoring this right of "primary boycott" to labor, was supposed to protect unions against liability, under the Sherman Anti-Trust act, in the case of a "secondary boycott" as well. In other words, labor organizations could not be held guilty of combinations in restraint of trade when, in order to win a strike against employer A, strikes were called in other shops where the products of Employer A were used. The United States Supreme Court has now, in the case of the Duplex Printing Press Company vs. certain agents of the International Association of Machinists, reversed a decision of the lower courts that section twenty of the Clayton act legalized the secondary boycott. The opinion, written by Mr. Justice Pitney, is to the general effect that the Clayton act established nothing new, but merely legalized what was already lawful; and a secondary boycott was not lawful. The dissenting opinion of the familiar minority of three, delivered by Mr. Justice Brandeis, held that action to which others would give the name of "secondary boycott" was in reality a measure of legitimate self-defense, and that the majority's decision makes futile an effort of more than twenty years to place employers and employees on an equal basis before the law.

THIS decision shocked and surprised Mr. Gompers into calling it a "blow at human freedom." It is a rude awakening for him. In 1914 he hailed the Clayton act as the Magna Charta of American labor; in 1916 the Democratic platform pointed to it with pride as an "act that lifted human labor from the category of commodities." But ever since those exalted hopes were expressed, time, and a number of lesser legal decisions as well, have made plainer what, to us at any rate, seemed plain at the time: that the Clayton act never was a Magna Charta; that in its major provisions it

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altered in no way the law applicable to labor disputes, and was so intended; that there was nothing new in it to protect labor from liability to injunction; that if it exempted the lawful operations of labor from anti-trust legislation, the lawful operations of labor had always been so exempt. The law, as finally laid down in this Supreme Court decision, has proved that the Clayton act is merely a codification, in its labor clauses, of existing law; an act to legalize what was already lawful. And Mr. Gompers now seems somewhat surprised that his Magna Charta is punctured. It never existed.

THE New Republic heartily detests the methods of the British government in Ireland. It no less heartily detests these words of Harry Boland, Mr. de Valera's secretary, reported to have been spoken to an American audience:

> My friends, if England does not stop its campaign of murder in Ireland we will preach a race vendetta among the millions of Irish throughout the world and exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth .... If I had my way I would tell them (the Irish) to rise up and tear down everything British in America.

In the present state of things, it seems to us that an Irishman could not possibly say anything worse.

FOR several weeks rumors of trouble between Soviet Russia and Rumania over possession of Bessarabia have been in the air. Lately they have become more specific. On January 4th a special dispatch to the New York Times from Paris, conspicuously headlined "Rumania and Reds Expected to Clash," reported the summoning of three classes of the Rumanian army to the colors, the militarization of her railroads, and the appearance of six new Soviet divisions on the Dniester front. "Paris," began the despatch, "expects a clash." The next day, in a very inconspicuous place, the Times printed an Associated Press despatch from Paris to the effect that the Rumanian Legation had received no such alarming news, and did not consider the Bolshevist menace any more serious than it had been for several months. Two days later a despatch to the New York American quoted Prince Ghika, the Rumanian minister in Paris, as saying that the Rumanian army had been increased merely to protect its extended frontiers, that the Soviets had only 18,000 troops on the Bessarabian border, and that Rumania was "at peace with Russia and expects absolutely no trouble in that quarter." When the Times tells us so emphatically that Paris "expects" trouble, we know that Paris also hopes for it, and that the Times shares this hope so far as to be willing to make the facts seem what they are not.

THE bluster of M. Leygues's government and its threat to occupy the Ruhr valley have collapsed. The Germans pointed out their willingness to fulfill the Spa disarmament terms. They had done, they said, as much as could possibly be done, under the terms of an impossible agreement. They had not refused to disarm the Bavarian and East Prussian Einwohnerwehr; but conditions did not permit a disarmament in this quarter as rapid as in others. They asked for two more months in which to finish this delicate bit of negotiation with a jealous, semi-independent province. Under English pressure, it seems now that the conference of Allied Premiers, to be held the end of this month, will grant an extension of time to Germany. The reparation conferences may be postponed until the disarmament question has been disposed of. The excitement caused by the French cabinet's attempt to save its skin is over, and the Ruhr, in the near future at least, will not be occupied. Since the occupation of the Ruhr would almost certainly produce civil war in central Europe, with incalculable consequences to the whole continent, these persistent threats, often inspired by domestic politics, are a terrible menace to the tranquillity of Europe.

Mr. Harding in Pain

FROM the most Republican of correspondents at Marion in the newspaper most personally friendly to Mr. Harding, we learn that the President-elect "is the centre of a veritable web of intrigue" and that "he is beginning to believe that there are very few men it is safe for him to trust." From many quarters come reports that Mr. Harding is feeling the nervous strain badly. What is going on in Marion? In broad outline there are three parts to the drama: Mr. Harding himself, the leaders and politicians of his party, the problems and expectations of the country.

Mr. Harding, we must remember, has never been in a situation of this kind before. Until the day of his nomination he was an orthodox member of one faction of his party, loyal to that faction and hostile to other factions. Never before had he tried to represent divergent views. His whole habit of life has been to float with one broad, safe current, more or less oblivious to all other currents, benignly content to believe what those about him

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believed. There is no important instance on record where Mr. Harding has had to separate himself from his cronies, to think independently of them, to stand outside of them and take seriously into account what other men were thinking. He has lived his whole political life in one congenial medium, confident that his friends were the true patriots and the true Republicans. Now it turns out that the whole of the law and the gospel is not in them, that well past fifty years of age he must cast aside his manner of thought and embark on the wholly novel and extremely uncertain business of accomodating himself to strange points of view.

Hitherto Mr. Harding's political career has involved nothing more complex than keeping together men who by habit and interest wish to stay together. They were not men with "programs" but men with careers; the voters who followed them were the least independent in the community. The normal Harding constituency is Republican by family tradition, not by personal choice, and such a constituency is the least troublesome of any in the world. It has demanded of Mr. Harding nothing that could be called statesmanship, and nothing in Mr. Harding's record indicates that he has ever initiated or even sponsored any large constructive measure. His Senate record is an accumulation of trifles, all of them suited to a constituency that cared chiefly for little favors, and to a group of friends who were in politics for life.

Suddenly Mr. Harding is dragged out of the shelter of congenial spirits, and faced with the truly awful task of making a program and of finding men to execute it. But even if it were possible for him in a few short months to learn statesmanship, through what channels is he to learn it? He can only consult the best minds. These best minds do not agree amongst themselves, but worst of all many of them disagree violently with Mr. Harding's own best friends, not all of whom consist of best minds, though with all of whom there are deep personal attachments. Through Mr. Harding's best friends, special interests seeking to dominate the government have got to him, and their appeals are hard to resist. From the best minds have come warnings of disaster if he listens to these appeals. That is the "veritable web of intrigue" which is causing him so much trouble. He knows that he is the President of a nation. But his access to the knowledge of the needs of the nation is through men of conflicting purpose. By what criterion shall he judge? Independent judgment of the facts he has almost none. So he must choose among different advisers, some of whom are his old friends, others not his personal friends but men of great influence. Until recently the only criterion he has had was the opinion of his friends. He thought what his friends thought. They were all regular fellows together. Today he no longer dares to think exactly as they think. It is not "safe" for him to "trust" them. What shall he trust? His own independent judgment of the facts? What background has he for such a judgment?

But all the while he cannot help feeling the ominous pressure of the truly terrifying vote he received. Sixteen million people cast their ballots for him. He knows well enough how small a part were the kind of Republicans with whom he has been accustomed to deal. In all that multitude how many are Harding men? What portion will stand by him as millions stood by Roosevelt, and even by Wilson to the end? A very small portion. The rest voted negatively, for the most part cynically, demanding a change, specifying no particular order of change, in a mood most grievously difficult to satisfy. To keep that multitude together, especially through hard times, is a task that would baffle any man. It would require a leader of peculiar magnetism with policies that were genuinely national in feeling and in scope to create unity among the aggregation of Harding voters. But the trend is away from unity towards factionalism, and the worst of it all is that those who are closest to Harding, the political agents of special interests, would fight and will fight every attempt of his to rise to constructive statecraft.

They believe, both from Mr. Harding's speeches, and from what they take to be the acquiescent temper of the country, that this is the supreme opportunity to undo the work of Roosevelt and Wilson, and they will have little mercy on Mr. Harding. They know that he does not really understand any other kind of politics, and that though he may aspire to another kind, he has no language to communicate it, and no experience with it. He whose life was and is the negation of the kind of leadership which Roosevelt represented cannot suddenly transform himself. However much he would like to go over their heads to the people, they do not really believe he knows how, or that he would dare.

Yet there is a grandeur about the Presidency which has enlarged almost every man who has occupied it. It is clear enough that Mr. Harding has felt this quality of his office, and that arrangements, pressures, and pleas which he has always taken for normal, now present themselves in a new light. His friends look different, sound a little strange. For they are still the same old crowd, but he is now one of the exalted, torn out of his privacy, with a blinding light upon him. No wonder the correspondent of the New York

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Herald writes that his plight is "so disturbing as to take on the proportion of a tragedy."

A tragedy, at least as great as Taft's, it is bound to be, unless by a supreme act of will Mr. Harding wrenches himself loose from the secrecy of Marion, and with the candor of a private conversation, speaks to the whole nation. It will not matter if at first he stutters or stumbles. Among poker cabinets he will stumble more grievously. Secrecy is the one thing democracies most resent; sincerity, no matter how confused, the one thing they most admire. However badly it goes, the one way out of a web of intrigue is to break out by main force and awkwardness, and trust to the rejoicing that always goes up in a democracy, as well as in heaven, at the sight of a regenerated politician.

Russia's Problem Today

YESTERDAY the problem of Russia was whether she should be allowed to work out her destiny unaided by foreign bayonets. Tomorrow she may be faced by a similar problem. For the implacable hostility of France, or rather of the French ruling caste, remains, and it may yet find a means to mobilize against the Soviet government the hundreds of thousands of émigrés floating around the west European capitals, the soldiers of fortune of central Europe, the militarists of Germany, like General Hoffmann, who hope to recover their privileges through participation in an international movement against Bolshevism. But today Soviet Russia is enjoying a respite from foreign attack. It may be, as Lenin asserts, something more than a respite, since England and Italy are definitely out of sympathy with the movement for a renewed attack and America, in spite of the wintry thunderbolts of a discredited administration, has got over her panic over Bolshevism descending upon her like a cloud of lethal gases. Of course part of our press, in its efforts to make capital against trade unionism and the Nonpartisan League will continue to hold up the spectre of Bolshevism. But if any group of foreign statesmen want financial or other material support for an attack on Bolshevism in Russia, they may as well count the United States out.

It is possible, perhaps even probable, that no new intervention in Russia will be undertaken in the near future. In that event, the Soviet government will be presented squarely with the supreme test. It has undertaken to organize the whole system of industrial production and commerce of the nation. Hitherto there was always a plausible explanation when factories failed to produce and trading stocks ran out. Either the principal sources of fuel or of raw material were in the control of the enemy, or the means of transportation and the available industrial power were engrossed by the national military requirements. So in fact they were. No industrial and commercial system, whether individualistic or communistic, could have kept up an adequate supply of products under such conditions as faced Russia through the last three years. But now conditions have mended. It is no longer necessary to wear out the rolling stock of the Russian railways in rushing troops and munitions from one front to another. It is no longer necessary to employ the most devoted workmen as cannon fodder. Therefore the Soviet government will have to show that the country can be adequately supplied with the prime necessities, or confess to an economic failure no less striking than its military success.

It must be recognized, at the outset, that the problem, even under conditions of secure peace, would be one of extreme difficulty. Russian industry, before the war, was on the whole extremely backward. The textile industries had made great strides, but for textile machinery Russia was far too much dependent on imports, especially from Germany and England. That machinery must by this time have become terribly worn and battered, since there has never been a time, after 1914, when an adequate supply of new machinery and repair parts could be imported. The same thing is true of the metallurgical industries. They never were self-sufficing, in the matter of the supply of modern machinery. On the whole, the equipment must now be in terrible shape. The coal mines of the Donetz basin used to depend on hoisting machinery, pumps, drills and even hand tools imported from England, Belgium and Germany. Their equipment must have been running down badly. As for the railways, it would be difficult to exaggerate their state of disrepair, and the river and canal flotilla is said to be even more sadly deteriorated.

If Russia were an old industrial country, with a large and well trained body of engineers and mechanics, it might be possible to make rapid headway against even these disabilities. But Russia leaned heavily upon Germany for all manner of trained men, before the war, and had no sufficient opportunity to replace the Germans before the successive revolutions created an atmosphere very unfavorable to any kind of technical training. The Soviet government will therefore have to build from the ground up, if it is to effect a real economic rehabilitation of the country.

Naturally, the task would be somewhat simplified if the Soviet government were permitted to import the most essential articles, especially rails, rolling stock and machinery. And apparently ar-

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rangements will soon have been effected with England making this possible. The action of our own government in expelling Mr. Martens on grounds that would apply equally to any agent whatsoever purchasing for the Russian government practically excludes American producers from supplying any part of the Russian requirements. That, however, would appear to be mainly a matter between American exporters and the outgoing administration. Russia will be able to get from England whatever she needs, if she can pay for it.

But the matter of payment is by no means simple. However great the potentiality of Russia as an exporter of raw materials, the actual supplies accessible to the ports can not be large. They can not be sufficient to enable the Soviet government to assume the role of mere middleman between the Russian producer of raw materials and the foreign producer of industrial goods. The Russian consumer will have to draw chiefly upon domestic production, or go without, as he has done through the last six years. And it is hard to believe that the mass of the Russian people, who are not communists, will long acquiesce in the Soviet system if it means war privations continued indefinitely.

The Soviet government will have to make visible progress in restoring production, or see the ebbing of the zeal of the communistic party which sustains it. But is it possible to restore production while clinging resolutely to communistic principles? Lenin was long ago forced to accept the theoretical necessity of paying high salaries to experts. He was also forced to admit the expediency of piece wages. In the vast work of reconstruction to come, these principles are likely to find far wider application than the purely communistic principle of requiring each to work according to his ability without special reward. For it is not a question merely of using existing abilities but of developing new abilities, something that presupposes a cooperative spirit not compatible with forced labor.

It may be that the Soviet government possesses sufficient vitality and genius to restore industry on a basis of differential rewards without departing from its essentially communistic character. That appears, however, improbable. In a country where between eighty and ninety per cent of the population are living in the villages under a system which is more bourgeois than communistic, no considerable number of concessions can be made to private initiative in industry without conceding the essence of communism. It is therefore not so much a question of whether the present governing group will retain power, as it is whether they can continue, under peace, to adhere to the principles that carried them into power.

Liberty by Bayonetting

THE world owes Britain an immeasurable debt for its traditions of liberty and law and order. But how many floggings and how much torture are permissible in the name of liberty and law and order? This is a practical point upon which even so sensible a man as Lord Derby seems to be confused. So anxious is he to impose "peace" on Ireland that he regards the present reign of terror as a necessary part of a great liberal process. He accepts martial law. If enough martial law is applied to the south of Ireland, he appears to believe, English liberty and English law and order will be sufficiently endeared to the southern Irish population that they will give up their ideas of independence. If they are ordered to spit upon de Valera's photograph often enough, de Valera will renounce his political and economic program and remit his ideals. This seems to be the pretty theory, although, as the British Labor delegation phrases it, "things are being done in the name of Britain which must make her name stink in the nostrils of the whole world."

The obduracy of the Sinn Fein Republic is clearly as inacceptable to the British government as any obduracy could possibly be. Sinn Fein proposes to the British government not only a loss of men and money and the handing over of a friendly minority to a new Sinn Fein state, but also, at a moment of victory and aggrandizement, it proposes a loss of prestige. This, in the phrase of pride, is unthinkable. Yet the alternative of breaking down the will of Sinn Fein by the exercise of unlimited and unqualified brute force is not in itself the way to enhance British prestige throughout the world. British prestige rests on moral as well as physical foundations. In Egypt and particularly in India the success of British administration requires that faith in British principles be preserved. It cannot be preserved anywhere very long when, as the Labor delegation says, "not only is there a reign of terror in Ireland which should bring a blush of shame to every British citizen, but the nation is being held in subjection by the Empire which has proudly boasted that it is the friend of small nations."

In the present mood of Europe and America — baffled, discouraged and semi-cynical — it seems only too natural that another nation should be held in subjection. The fact that Britain is making a free "gift" of Home Rule with one hand and enforcing martial law with the other does not strike many people as a fantastic parody of the whole

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idea of extending self-government. But the tragedy that is back of this farce is the needlessness of victimizing Ireland in order to preserve British prestige. In a world less sick as a result of its own excesses, the virtue of liberal and democratic processes could not so easily be forgotten.

Those processes do not include the incendiarism that has been attributed to Sinn Fein or the vengeful ambushing of small bodies of troops or the general adoption of assassination. Neither does it include those acts of tyranny that have been sanctioned by British authorities in Ireland. The presence of British troops in Ireland is now manifestly a negation of law and order. There can be no proper solution so long as British domination is thus embodied and enforced on a terrorized population. The withdrawal of British troops should be the first step toward restoring the British tradition of liberty and law and order. A reliance on that tradition calls for a free consultation of the will of Ireland. Without that, there is hypocrisy in public protestations of principle, and a moral bankruptcy which the Empire is not likely to survive in the East.

Palmer Pleads Guilty

The Government will take no appeal from the decision of Judge Anderson in the Federal Court here, last July, that twenty alleged Reds should be discharged excepting in the cases of Mr. and Mrs. William Colyer, Frank Mack, and Lew Bonder.

THE foregoing quotation from a Boston journal cloaks facts that should move Congress to action unless all its concern for law and order be the rankest pretence. This announcement, so quietly made by the government and wholly overlooked by a daily press preoccupied with common burglaries, is nothing less than a plea of guilty by Attorney-General Palmer to the charges of lawlessness brought against him last summer.

It will be recalled that twelve lawyers filed a report, charging the Department of Justice, under A. Mitchell Palmer's direction, with specific violations of the Constitution. Former Justice Hughes referred to this report last June when he said "very recently information has been laid by responsible citizens at the Bar of public opinion of violations of personal rights which savor of the worst practices of tyranny." On June 23, 1920, two days after this utterance by Mr. Hughes, Judge Anderson filed his opinion in the so-called Colyer cases, in which he found as facts the charges of illegalities made by the lawyers against Mr. Palmer's Department of Justice.

It becomes necessary briefly to recall Judge Anderson's decision. He had before him two sets of aliens: four, the Colyers, Mack and Bonder were avowed Communists, people of intelligence, and accorded a fair hearing in the deportation proceedings against them. Their cases raised purely the question, as to which Judge Anderson felt considerable doubt, whether the Communist party is, as a matter of law, "a force and violence party within the purview of the Act of October 16, 1918." From his ruling on this point the government is now appealing. He had before him a dozen other aliens. As to these aliens, a wholly different issue was presented to Judge Anderson and decided by him. These were the aliens caught in the raid of January 2, 1920, planned by the Department of Justice without legal authority and executed by it in violation of specific Constitutional provisions. In effect, the Department of Justice, through its Bureau of Investigation, usurped the functions which Congress had imposed upon the Department of Labor and by systematic violations of the Constitutional safeguards against searches and seizures and arrests without warrant, proceeded to make wholesale arrests under circumstances which led Judge Anderson to say, "I refrain from any extended comment on the lawlessness of these proceedings by our supposedly law-enforcing officials. The documents and acts speak for themselves. It may, however, fitly be observed that a mob is a mob, whether made up of government officials, acting under instructions of the Department of Justice, or of criminals, loafers and the vicious classes." From eight hundred to twelve hundred persons were thus arrested in New England. Where public meetings, under the auspices of the Communist or Communist Labor parties were being held, the whole audience would frequently be gathered in. In Worcester, about one hundred out of the audience at a public mass-meeting were rounded up and thrown into jail, and kept through all or a part of the night; yet by morning it had been discovered that as to all but sixteen of them there was not sufficient evidence to warrant further detention. In Lynn, thirty-nine persons, half of them citizens of the United States, had gathered in a hall to discuss the formation of a cooperative bakery. All thirty-nine were arrested, held in police cells overnight, and docketed as "suspects." Next morning thirty-eight of them were discharged for lack of evidence.

In all, from one-third to a half of the prisoners were released, after detention in cells ranging from a few hours to two or three days, either because they were citizens, or for lack of evidence. The remainder, about four hundred and forty in num-

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ber, were taken to Deer Island. Even at this time for over one hundred of these prisoners no warrants had been issued by the Department of Labor. The searches, and the seizure of papers and other private belongings, were invariably conducted without search warrants required under the Constitution. A regulation of the Department of Labor of long standing, requiring aliens arrested for deportation to be at once apprised of their right to counsel, was covertly amended two days before the raid, so that the right to representation by counsel was denied until after the government agents had conducted examination of the aliens satisfactory to themselves.

"The picture," says Judge Anderson, "of a non-English-speaking Russian peasant, arrested under circumstances such as described above, held for days in jail, then for weeks in the city prison at Deer Island; and then summoned for a so-called 'trial' before an inspector, assisted by the Department of Justice agent under stringent instructions emanating from the Department of Justice in Washington, to make every possible effort to obtain evidence of the alien's membership in one of the proscribed parties, is not a picture of a sober, dispassionate, due-process-of-law attempt to ascertain and report the true facts."

Yet so flimsy was the government's case against these aliens and so unreliable the information upon which the Department of Justice acted, that even of the four hundred and forty who were taken to Deer Island—themselves sifted and winnowed out of more than twice that number of arrests—more than half were in the course of time released on the ground that there was no evidence against them.

Upon the facts before him Judge Anderson found that "these bewildered terrorized, non-English-speaking aliens" were denied the Constitutional protection of due process of law. He, therefore, discharged them. *In failing to take an appeal from Judge Anderson's decision discharging these aliens, Attorney-General Palmer confesses guilt for the outrages of lawlessness found by Judge Anderson.* Last summer, the Attorney-General publicly attacked Judge Anderson for his condemnation of these illegal acts. Now, relying on public forgetfulness and indifference, Mr. Palmer slinks away and does not dare to submit the record disclosed before Judge Anderson for review by the Supreme Court.

But the matter must not be allowed to end with this cowardly refusal by the Attorney-General to face the facts of his own wrong-doing. Thanks to Senator Walsh of Montana, the Report upon the Illegal Practices of the Department of Justice, under the administration of Attorney-General Palmer, has been referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary for appropriate action. In view of Mr. Palmer's confession of the truth of the charges made by Judge Anderson, it would seem that nothing but his early departure from office could save Attorney-General Palmer from impeachment. If the findings of the Federal Court that the Attorney-General of the United States has systematically violated his oath of office and the Constitution of the United States are left unheeded by Congress, it must not be wondered that cynical lawlessness, particularly by the powerful, is a marked characteristic of contemporary American life.

"Preventive Justice"—Balked

PREVENTIVE medicine is making galloping progress not only in the theories of scientists and the researches of institutions like the Rockefeller, but in the education of the public mind. In quite a different state is the preventive side of law. Punitive and corrective justice are still the chief contributions of the law. Its major concern in all its modern ramifications is the primitive task of keeping the peace. Even as to this rudimentary function the law is not self-critical. It makes hardly any statistical appraisal of its activities; it does not determine what it achieves and the costs of its accomplishment. There is practically no scientific quantitative valuation of the disparity between what Dean Pound calls "law in books" and "law in action."

Yet in recent years there has been audible creaking of the legal machinery, persistent questioning in legal writing. The accumulating critique of our law schools makes slow headway against the traditional prejudices encountered by "professors." Yet the steady labors of a Roscoe Pound gradually fertilize the minds of some leaders of the Bar, and rouse an occasional fresh spirit on the Bench. At last even our Bar Associations begin to turn to reforms and to demand from our legal system a livelier responsiveness to social needs. Jejune panegyrics of the perfection of our legal order are getting out of fashion. Men like Root and Hughes and Taft and Wickersham have helped to inject ferment into a profession contented with a system at once familiar and profitable.

Professor Borchard, in our last issue, reported one important change sponsored by law reformers, one effort towards making of law an effective instrument for social adjustments and not merely an elaborate system of wasteful litigation. "The declaratory judgment" is a tried invention for the

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authoritative and final determination of conflicting legal claims *before* loss or injury has occurred, instead of requiring loss to be incurred, injury to be suffered, and *afterwards* moving legal machinery to recompense the loss or to rectify a wrong to a limited extent. To a layman not obfuscated by professional mists, it would seem clear that if controversy arises as to the meaning of a contract or a statute, it ought to be possible for all the interested parties to invoke an authoritative interpretation, without first compelling a breach of contract or statute, causing foolish waste of time, money and good will. Here, indeed, is a legal reform that touches the community quite intimately—as the legal system generally does, if the public only knew it.

Professor Borchard is therefore right in asserting that "the new remedy is destined to play an important part in simplifying the adjudication of disputes"; quite right—if the Courts will permit! For the moment, this most desirable reform has reached a stage of arrested development; it has been stricken with that fatal disease of American legislation "unconstitutionality." The Michigan Legislature, "with a view of making the Courts more serviceable to the people," enacted the procedure described by Professor Borchard. The Supreme Court of Michigan has promptly undone that legislation.

By this time the lay reader is prepared to find "a taking of property without due process of law" in almost any statute. Yet he will wonder just how the Declaratory Judgment act offends the Constitution. No, this time, it is not "want of due process"; it is another metaphysic of the Courts "want of judicial power." "The determination of legal claims, before loss and without acrimony," the Michigan Court says, in effect, "may be a highly desirable function; but it does not involve an exercise of 'judicial power' and, therefore, the legislature cannot impose that power on us." What is "judicial power," the respectful layman will ask. Like "due process" it too is not defined in the Constitution—the Courts define it. It rests in the traditions of the English Courts, whence ours are derived. But the English Courts have long been exercising the jurisdiction which the Michigan Supreme Court nullifies. The Court dismisses the English precedent because England has not the beauties of a written Constitution and Parliament is omnipotent—a wholly irrelevant answer to the fact that the English have undertaken "this service to the people" of their own volition and not by edict of Westminster. Again it is said that a declaratory judgment is not "final,"—(courts must give binding judgments) to which the short answer is that it *is* final. Further it isn't "judicial power" because it's a "moot case"—to which the answer is that it is *not* a moot case. All these technical objections were conclusively answered in the calm, crushing dissent of Mr. Justice Sharpe.

The *real* reasons back of the Court's action are intellectual blindness, a soggy and inert content with what is and fear of change. Surely blind and humorless fear cannot go beyond rattling the Bolshevist spook against the validity of so harmless a proposal, urged by Bar Associations, as declaratory judgment legislation. Yet the Michigan Supreme Court, in rejecting the thought that "it is the duty of the State through its courts to furnish advice to its citizens" wrote these amazing words:

> This adopts the view that the state is everything, the individual nothing. Under our government the state does not till our farms, manufacture our automobiles, or do our law business for us. The unfortunate people of one country are at present trying such experiment in government. We are still a government of laws, operating under a written Constitution.

This case presents another illustration of the reflex of reaction in judicial decisions. With increasing recklessness our Courts are writing "unconstitutional" across legislation—except legislation restrictive of freedom of speech. The Michigan Supreme Court quotes an earlier instance in which judges "deemed it improper to enter the field of politics" in giving an advisory opinion. But Courts now constantly "enter the field of politics" under the cloak of Constitutional construction. They themselves speak of the power to declare legislation invalid as "delicate." Apparently nothing, however, not even a much-needed procedural reform, escapes its blight. If courts continue their present pace, the abusive exercise of this "delicate" power may work its own extinguishment.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL

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The Siberian Republic

RESIDENTS in Peking occasionally see a motor car moving through the streets flying a strange flag, a red flag, with a quarter which is not red but bearing a star and the letters F. E. R. The letters stand for Far Eastern Republic. It and the motor car belong to a delegation which is trying to establish commercial and incidental relations between two republics,—"so-called republics" some would add—those of China and eastern Siberia. Soon after its arrival, the Chinese government ceased to recognize any longer the Russian legation and Russian consuls, and went through the form of taking over Russian concessions where they exist in commercial ports. Many foreigners were at once alarmed. They saw the beginning of an alliance, or at least friendly relations, between China and Russia via Siberia, which latter they claimed was merely a temporary ringer for a Bolshevist state. Rumors increase every day about Bolshevism and Bolshevist propaganda in China, and the danger to the world lest China be Bolshevised. The facts of the Siberian situation are thus of great importance in connection with the future of China.

They are also of great importance in themselves as an episode in national development. They are of direct significance in connection with Japan, for this empire holds the maritime provinces of Siberia intact including all the commercial ports, to say nothing of fisheries and valuable commercial concessions. This gives Japan command of all gateways to Siberia and Russia from the Pacific, since she already has the developed Manchurian ports. Hence the fate of the Far Eastern Republic can hardly be a trivial affair to the American manufacturer and trader. The Japanese conception of the Open Door in trade is well known from Manchurian experience. Moreover, it is not likely that a nation like Russia will remain permanently so weak and divided that it will look with indifference upon foreign possession of sea-ports upon the Pacific for the sake of which it built the Siberian railway, and where foreign control would be a permanent national menace. Thus the Siberian situation is of interest to all who are concerned for the future peace of the world.

Yet the usual attitude to the events occurring in Siberia is one of profound indifference. So far as this indifference is due to ignorance it is easily explained. The course of affairs is confused and accurate knowledge is hard to get. All Oriental politics are baffling beyond measure to a foreigner, and Siberia is more than semi-oriental. We soon lose interest in what we cannot make head or tail of. Even foreign newspapermen do not stay long in Siberia. And if they do what they hear is mostly a mass of rumors, no sooner made than contradicted and followed by a crop of other rumors. Thus Siberia has become a happy hunting ground for the propagandists who can make and unmake "news" at will. Consequently an attempt to set forth the main, bare facts of the Siberian situation may be of some use. For even in Siberia there are some facts which give a key to understanding the development of events.

A year ago the dictator, Kolchak, received his final blow, first at Omsk, and then decisively a month later further east at Novo-Nikolaievsk. The dictator who was to be, according to propagandists of the old regime and the new finance, the liberator of Russia, was a fugitive, his armies gone over to the Reds or defeated—all save those of Kappel and Semionoff, who had Japanese support and who had discretely remained further east where they were outside of the main fighting zone, and also where plundering was better. These last "bulwarks of civilization against the Red tide" (see any properly conservative newspaper in America for the time) unfortunately had impressed the Siberian peasants and townspeople as unmitigated robbers, oppressors and brutes. A favorite amusement was a punitive expedition against some village. The nominal reason was, of course, that the village was Bolshevistic. The actual reason was that the village refused to deliver the conscripted quota of young men for the White army, and incidentally the existence of wealth and women. Then ensued scenes of rape and rapine which equal the worst that has ever been alleged against the Reds even during the Red Terror. It is a bitter jest in Siberia that every dead Russian is a Bolshevik.

The natural result happened. Moderates turned against the brutality and voracious cupidity of the Cossack and other White leaders. They were thrown into sympathy with revolutionaries. Thousands of oppressed peasants were obliged to flee from the reactionaries, and they formed bands of soldiers, the nucleus of the so-called partisans. Many had been in the war and had retained their arms. They were joined by many deserters with their arms. By the time, Kolchak was overthrown, the whole district to the south of Omsk, the Altai district, the richest farming country in Siberia, was in the hands of the partisans who had defeated

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several Cossack leaders, and driven their troops across the border into Mongolia, where they still remain, making trouble for the Chinese in connection with discontented Mongols and Chinese bandits. These partisan bands were also active throughout the eastern part of Russia. When once the defeat of Kolchak had ensured them against a return of the reactionaries and a new White terror, they grasped local power.

Meantime the Red troops proper had stopped their advance at Irkutsk. The Bolsheviks decided to exercise sovereignty only west of Lake Baikal. The armies which overthrew Kolchak, the third and fifth of the Russian armies, were more needed elsewhere. But they had been accompanied in their movements by a civil administration bureau which had instructed the towns captured in the methods of establishing and setting up soviet organizations. At the same time, independently, but influenced somewhat by these models, revolutionary committees were established under non-soviet anti-reactionary influences all through eastern Siberia. These Revcoms, as they are popularly termed, formed the civil division of the organization of which the Partisan armies were the fighting arm. The Revcoms and the soldiers elected delegates who met in March and April of this year and formally established the Far Eastern Republic with its headquarters at Verkhne-Udinsk, well to the west of eastern Siberia. Or, perhaps, it would be better to say they formed several Far Eastern republics, all claiming to represent the whole of eastern Siberia, with several headquarters of which Verkhne-Udinsk was the most radical, being nearest the Bolshevik seat of power, and Vladivostok with the most merchants and the most accessible to Japanese influence, the most conservative.

At this convention there were two parties. The extremists were for a Soviet republic directly leagued with the Russian government. The moderates held that the great need of Siberia was for peace and tranquillity that industry might be restored; and pointed out that a Soviet republic would merely further embroil Siberia in war, civil and foreign, and by stimulating further aggression against Russia proper would do real harm rather than good to Soviet Russia. The moderate revolutionaries had things their own way. From eighty to ninety per cent of the original electors were peasants, and something over three hundred of the four hundred delegates at the convention were peasants. This fact, due of course to the industrial backwardness of Siberia, undoubtedly was the chief cause of the decision against the out and out Bolsheviks. The peasants had their land and they wanted a respite of peace and work and economic prosperity. Before adjourning, the convention prepared for a Constituent Assembly which should prepare a written democratic constitution and elect permanent officials. It is now proposed to hold this Assembly early in 1921.

In addition, the convention gave the temporary officials of the Far Eastern Republic, thus called into existence, certain definite mandates. The chief were to liquidate the remainder of the reactionary White armies under Semionoff and Kappel, to secure the evacuation of Siberia by all remaining foreign troops, to unify the different governments of eastern Siberia and to establish local self government throughout the new republic. The White armies were not finally disposed of till the month in which this is written. The reason for the long delay was not their intrinsic power nor popular support for the Cossack led armies. The Bolsheviks had come to an agreement with the evacuating Czechs to keep their armies one hundred versts removed in order to prevent local fights. The Partisans as the Czechs moved further east had renewed the same agreement. As a consequence Chita had remained in the hands of Semionoff who used the Czechs as a screen of defense, while the Japanese delayed the evacuation of the latter. Then Japanese soldiers came to Chita and backed up Semionoff. But even with this assistance the latter could not retain civil administration in his hands. Popular clamor forced him to surrender it. The left groups abstained from the election, however, on the ground that Seminoff's troops and the Japanese would not permit a truly representative government to be formed. Whether it was the intention of the conservatives to make this government the centre of the new buffer state (the idea of which had been accepted by the Japanese with simulated willingness after Kolchak's debacle) does not appear. Events moved too fast. During the present month the Japanese troops completed their withdrawal from Chita as well as from the Amur region. The expected—except by reactionary propagandists—happened and Semionoff's troops in a few days went the way of Kolchak's, and Semionoff and Kappel are both fugitives. The revolutionary government moved from Verkhne-Udinsk to Chita and set in earnest about the unification of the various de facto governments, and preparation for the Constituent Assembly elections. Neither of these things was possible as long as a reactionary and foreign controlled Chita made a wedge which divided the eastern and western parts of eastern Siberia.

One of the mandates given the provisional government was to establish first commercial and then political relations with foreign governments. Chi-

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na is Siberia's neighbor, and the beginning was made with China. Hence the mission to which reference was made at the outset of this article. No one knows just how the mission is succeeding. Undoubtedly China would like freer and better secured trade. Doubtless she would not be averse to friendly relations with a country which circumstances have made even more aggressively anti-Japanese than she is herself. But foreign diplomats have still a certain power in Peking. They are afraid of Bolshevist propaganda and influence. One nation at least is opposed to anything which will lessen the economic monopoly of foreign trade which has come to her. Thoroughly reliable authorities assert that, at the same time in which clamor was most active for a complete blockade of Russia and Siberia, goods were moved freely from Japan to Siberia, labelled military stores. Traders and bankers were a regular and organized part of the Japanese army of occupation. Aside from political reasons, Japan is naturally averse to giving up a lucrative commercial monopoly. This fact may account for some of the lively foreign propaganda about the danger of China being Bolshevised, unless Japan is permitted to exercise a strict military watch in southern and eastern Siberia and throughout Manchuria. It may account for the fact that no less a personage than the Japanese Minister in Great Britain publicly expresses his fear of the probability that China will surrender to the Bolshevist menace—a danger of which no resident in China sees the slightest sign.

The account which has been given is confined to bare outlines of admitted facts. The chief point in dispute is whether the Far Eastern Republic is established as a genuine democracy with socialistic leanings or whether it is a mere mask for Bolshevist Russia. The safest statement is probably also the truest. It was set up as a compromise and with a definite hope on the part of the extremists that a democracy would turn out to be a mask for Bolshevism, which, after foreign armies were all out, might be thrown off. But admitting the worst which can be said, which is worse than the facts, the obvious part of good policy on the part of foreign diplomacy was to look upon the experiment with good will and encourage it to become a genuine democratic republic, which instead of being infected by Russia might on the contrary serve as a stimulus to the recovery of Russia proper. But unfortunately some fatality, like the movement of a Greek drama, seems to accompany all diplomacy in connection with the Russian situation.

Representatives of the Far Eastern Republic proclaim their desire for foreign capitalistic aid. Siberia has great natural resources and they would welcome, they say, foreign capital divorced from political ambitions. Good sense would demand that they be taken at their word. The population, weakened by war and continued senseless massacres, wants peace as the Russian population wanted it towards the end of the great war. They would turn against internal factors that disturb peace as soon as foreign intervention completely ceased. The population is a peasant one, wanting land and individual proprietorship, not communism. The same dictates of prudence that made the Bolshevist armies stop at Lake Baikal will make Soviet Russia slow to try to conquer eastern Siberia by arms, especially when they will be fighting only their only countrymen. Only that fatal stupidity which has controlled foreign treatment of the Russian situation leads anyone to think that continued Japanese occupation will be anything but a source of disorder and an invitation to the population, if it is continued long enough, to turn Bolshevist in the hope of getting Russian aid in expelling the unwelcome intruder. The real dike against the eastern advance of Bolshevism can be only a stable democratic state in eastern Siberia. Its leanings will undoubtedly be socialistic, but not communistic.

The time has not yet come for direct foreign recognition of the Far Eastern Republic. It is not enough of even a de facto government for that. But if a constituent assembly is elected and a constitution is adopted, and the different governments completely merge as they now seem likely to do, with the possible exception of that of Japanese-occupied Vladivostok, the time for recognition will be close at hand. But unless there is some interest taken in the Siberian situation, and unless some sympathetic knowledge of its realities as distinct from fictions of inspired propaganda obtains, there is little likelihood that the old record of tragic stupidity will be altered. Powerful forces are shaping to claim that the result, no matter what it is outwardly, is in reality a Bolshevik victory and an increased menace to the world. The obvious moral will be that Japanese occupation of the maritime provinces must be continued with the moral assent if not active support of the other great Powers.

The step best adjusted to the situation and best calculated to secure definite knowledge would be not only to welcome a commercial mission from the Far Eastern Republic to the United States, but also to send an investigating mission of official status to Siberia. If the mission got beyond the whirl of rumors and gossip that does substitute duty for fact in some of the diplomatic circles, it could establish a basis for a definite policy. Such

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a policy would promote legitimate American commercial activities. But what is immensely more important, it might not only help ward off a new threat to China, but contribute to the peace of the world by preventing the development of a situation bound sometime or other to end in a red flood of blood.

JOHN DEWEY.

Peking, China.

Feminism and Romance

I AM an almost rabid feminist. It happens that I am also, at odd times, a writer of stock romantic tales. But I notice that I keep these two interests in distinct compartments. There is as yet no perceptible seepage from the one to the other.

My story is under way. I have described the picturesque setting—a charming country house, let us say. On the steps of the commodious verandah the tall, bronzed, "clean-limbed" hero sits, smoking his well-loved briar. On the other side of the steps, the villain, smaller, sallow, dark, with brilliant but shifty eyes, plays nervously with his cigarette. The two men are conversing, outwardly amicable, in spite of their instinctive hostility. Enter the heroine. You know the heroine perfectly well in advance. You can skip my catalog of her charms.

All right, let's skip it. But let me ask you one thing. Do I by any chance—in any frantic reaching after originality—depict her as longing for "the vote"? You know that I do not.

Does she have ambitions? Does she aspire to be a physician, a lawyer, an architect, or even a newspaper woman or a teacher in the high school? Not she! How could a physician or lawyer, even a would-be physician or lawyer, blush as it will be her business to blush at every turn of the plot? And in a prospective journalist or schoolma'am how would you credit her curls, her white shoulders, rounded arms, and dainty feet?

Switching into my feministic self, I cannot but regard my heroine with contemptuous disfavor. I am forced to characterize her from this standpoint as sheltered, "kept," a trifler, a ninny—a toy of love.

But my Mr. Hyde, the romancer, bobs up again.

"Would *you,*" he demands, "accept a modern, intellectual, ambitious woman in the thriller you like to read on a rainy evening when you are dead tired? Granted that in real life you prefer the modern type. But in a yarn you want an old-fashioned pretty girl with curls!"

"But," I cry, tacitly admitting his charge, "it's a shame! They're all lay figures, these current romantic heroines—my own and other people's. They aren't really charming any more. They're just *x*, the love-motive—the alleged reason for the hero's extraordinary behavior. They're killing romance, and the world can't live without romance!"

"Well," he retorts, "what are you going to do about it?"

I meditate deeply, for a romancer, before I reply—so deeply that I even see a sort of vision that uplifts me. But I am forced to begin my answer sadly enough:

"I don't suppose I shall do anything about it. I shall go on writing trashy yarns with paper-doll heroines and reading yarns of the same sort. There's no help for it, I'm afraid, in our day.

"You see," I explain, "the woman of romance must belong to an accepted type. She may not be novel or strange or debatable in any way. If she is, she will annoy most readers of such stories. For romance is read subjectively. In romance the reader identifies himself—he is usually a man—with the hero, and how can you expect him to take pleasure in vicarious combat on behalf of a heroine who excites in him only wrathful contempt?"

"And the modern woman, though she is all about us, numerous enough to force a Constitutional amendment, and though she is, in fact, infinitely more attractive than her supine Victorian predecessor, has not yet reached popular acceptance as the standard of charm—the kind of woman the hero would inevitably fall in love with at sight and fight for against sevenfold odds."

"You're right there!" says Hyde drily. "She hasn't!"

"But she will!" I cry, my vision returning. "She will! And when she does, she will bring in a new romance!"

"Ah! A new romance!" he echoes sarcastically. "And what will it be like?"

"For one thing," I retort, "it will be twice as thrilling as the old—exactly twice. In the old romance—yours—only the hero can really have adventures and do clever and daring deeds. The heroine, as Howells once pointed out, is a drag on the action. What can she *do?* She can raise her eyes and lower them, smile, blush, faint. But fainting is worn out, and if blushing isn't, it ought to be. She may occasionally give artlessly sage advice. That is about as near as she can come to being practically useful in the entanglements. Of course, she has to be led in once in so often for a love scene. And what a job those love scenes are to write—and what a bore to read! And when we have them over, what to do with her? She must be deposited somewhere while the real events proceed. There ought to be a checking bureau for

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heroines—with a clever modern girl in charge!

"But when the modern girl comes into her own and begins to figure in such stories—will she mope around in the checking bureau, waiting for the hero to finish his next adventure and come back for an intercalary philandering? She will be off having adventures of her own!"

Mr. Hyde manages to get a word in.

"Just *what* will she do?" he insinuates. He is shaken but still nasty.

"What will she not do? What is there that modern girls in real life don't do? She will drive motor cars, of course, and airplanes, and swim and shoot and fence. She will down the villain and tie him up and gag him quite as often as the hero will. The villain is always puny, you know, or else dissipated and hence in poor condition. One of our golfing girls would dispose of the average villain in five minutes and never even adjust her hair net afterwards. And as for plots and plans and councils of war—will she be gallantly escorted to the drawing-room before the headwork begins? She will dominate the councils, as she does in half the homes of America today.

"And detective work! The feminine Sherlock Holmes! Poe and Gaboriau and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will shed tears in the Elysian Fields because they lived too soon. Really! Doesn't your wife figure out a mystery twice as fast as you do?

"Even the love scenes will be different. Think of a 'different' love scene in a romance! For one thing the heroine, being economically independent and perfectly well able to take care of herself, will be in a position to do the proposing quite as much as the hero. You will read the love scenes again if only to see which one of them 'pops.' "

"You think it will be like that in real life, I suppose," says Hyde. He presents the incongruous spectacle of the villain shocked.

"Of course I do. Why is it that the man alone has the privilege of proposing nowadays? Merely because he has to offer not only his heart but his purse. Even current conventions," I add triumphantly, "recognize that a princess or an heiress must propose to a poor young man."

"Perhaps it's lucky for you and me," says Hyde, "that we live now, instead of in this splendid future you're so enthusiastic about. We mightn't have got proposed to!"

"We might not," I admit, "for been accepted when we proposed. Men will have to make themselves attractive again as they did in earlier ages —go back to doublet and hose, perhaps, and short cloaks and plumed hats. Trousers and derbies will cease to deface the human scene!

"And think what that will mean for romance," I continue, "when the men as well as the women can be described as beautiful—when the hero's well-turned calves will have the same delightful piquancy that now pertains to the trim ankles of his lady-love!

"Let me tell you one thing more—a thing that will appeal even to you. When those good days come, women as well as men will read romances. Your sales and your royalties will be doubled! You know well enough that women don't read them now—detective stories, or Wild West stories, or mistaken-identity yarns, or even the 'business-and-adventure' kind. Why should they? They can only identify themselves with the heroine, and the heroine is a sack of flour, and the hero a trousered frump, who only periodically favors her (incredibly) with the love-making of an automaton. But when the women begin to find themselves doing things in romance—foiling villains and detecting crimes and making love, as love ought to be made, to dainty fellows that one could dream about of nights,—they will crowd the book stores for your new thriller as if it were a sale of hats!"

"Well, well," says Hyde, interested at last, "let us hope you are right. But I do believe you're as much of a romancer as I am."

MAX MCCONN

Astronomy

The sky is bare
And throbbing with hot stars and sensuous air;
The girl moon stands, a bride upon the floor
Of midnight, tremulous
Ere of her spousal room she ope the door;
Through the uncurtained pane
The curious planets stare,
And whorls of dust look down on us,
(Dust of old universes no more worth,
Crumbled and lean)
On us, beloved, and this earth,
What is, and what has been.

Beloved, look again!
What was our love before?
Which of these stars was mother unto me
That stare so curiously,
Were you yon pleachèd nebula of yore?
And cousin-moon, what shock of coupling suns
Set you to wandering the night
Like a white, open tomb?

Ah, we were planets once, in violet light
That swung through constellations like bright birds,
Or I, some sun, compeller of old stars
In sleepy corners of the universe,
Lord of a greater Mars,
And you a comet that some curse
Shook from the universal womb
To trouble planets as a wild thing runs,
Lawless, among the flocks and feeding herds!

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

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G. Q. G., The French High Command

THE dictum that everything depends upon whether you put truth in the first place, or the second, applies directly to books about the war. The first series clearly were as much a part of the enginery of war as the camouflage battalions. Major Ian Hay and Mr. Empey were saying what it was useful to say, not what a disinterested person might wish to know. The second series began, I suppose, with Barbusse. It affirmed some part of the bitter reality as against the exhilarating illusion. It was a literature of rebuttal and protest. After the war was over came the books of justification and pleading: Bernstorff, Czernin, Bethmann, Ludendorff, Jellicoe, French and others. They belonged one and all to the politics amid which these men found themselves at the close of the war. They were partisan addresses to the public, and were oriented primarily to post-war politics, rather than to the actual events of the war. Then there arrived the memoirs of which Colonel Repington's diaries are the most conspicuous example. They have the manner of intimate revelation without much of the substance. They are really a species of romantic self-portraiture, somewhat as if Senator Jim Reed should have his picture painted in a Roman toga. I do not believe that Colonel Repington has revealed the mind of the English governing class by his snobbery, his frivolity, his luncheons, and his busy ladies. The core of that governing mind, considering the results, must be of a very different fibre, and to my notion Colonel Repington is the sham insider, the eternal hanger-on, whose pride at being on the fringes of importance precludes him from the writing of an authentic memoir about the centre. This picture of the governors of England is too like Cholly Knickerbocker and Beau Nash to be true. For the gossip of the drawing room was not the conduct of the war, though the drawing room loved to winston and to practice tea-table strategy.

The first book I have happened to read about the war which gives me a compelling sense of reality appeared recently in France. It is called G.Q.G., letters which stand for French General Headquarters. The author is M. Jean de Pierrefeu, a journalist, who was commissioned as a lieutenant and entrusted with the writing of the French communiqué. He was at headquarters with the General Staff from November, 1915, to the end. Circumstances conspired to make him a valuable witness. He lived, so to speak, on the great divide between what the public knew and what the military knew. To him the official reports, the rumor, and the hearsay came, from him the version that was considered proper went forth to the world. He had constantly in mind the two-faced character of the news. And, therefore, when he set out to write his memoirs he knew, probably better than any other man in France, just where were the gaps in what the public knew, and what were the cultivated illusions.

Yet this knowledge would have gone for nothing but for the happy circumstance that M. de Pierrefeu entertained no military ambitions, and, so far as I can see, no political ambitions. He had moreover the inestimable advantage of not regarding himself as an important person. He did not make great decisions, nor did he imagine that he made them, and so there is no record of his own which he feels called upon to explain or to extol. Apparently he got on well with almost every one, and there is no evidence that he has personal favors to repay or grudges to work off. Perhaps his severest criticism is directed against General Nivelle for the great debacle in the spring of 1917, but even there I cannot detect any covert malice. I cannot think of any book of its kind which combines so much generosity with so much penetration. M. de Pierrefeu is the exceptional critic who can expose bad work wihout exposing his own bad temper.

One other quality should be noted, and that is the standard in the critic's mind. Much depends on that, because if he is radically out of sympathy with his subject matter, his tendency will be to write an external account of it. But M. de Pierrefeu, though he is always the civilian, does not measure the military by anti-militarist standards. He measures them by their own standard, articulates them according to their own premises, and raises no argumentative principle between himself and the evidence. He is the interpretative and analytical critic, rather than the debater or the judge.

G. Q. G. Secteur 1—Trois ans au Grand Quartier Général; par le rédacteur du communiqué, Jean de Pierrefeu.
Vol. I: L'état-major de la Victorie.
Le crépuscule de Joffre.
La tragique aventure de Nivelle.
Vol. II: Pétain, Organisateur de la Victoire.
Foch et Pétain.
Paris: L'Edition Française Illustrée, 1920. (65th thousand.)

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You see him first as a non-commissioned officer approaching Joffre's headquarters at Chantilly, a name known to all the world, yet officially a dead secret. He is received at the hotel where the staff is quartered and finds that he has been commissioned. The great question at once is not what he is to do, but how he is to put the insignia of rank on his blouse before the officers' mess that evening. He goes to mess, prepared to hear the inner secrets of the war. "Not a word that might recall the fact that we are in the midst of the most terrible war. All the officers are extremely gay." The talk turns to promotions, rank, insignia, decorations, an inexhaustible subject among officers of any army. The next day the sense of awful boredom comes to him; he begins to feel the opaque and rigid quality of bureaucracies. But instead of imagining that mess talk is the war, as Colonel Repington did, or that official obscurantism is the whole of an army command, he begins to set the human scene in order. He acquaints himself with the nuances of the hierarchy. A small space, he discovers, separates the general's cabinet from the bureau of operations (G. 3), but an abyss separates G. 3 from intelligence (G. 2) and from administration (G. 1). Nevertheless the four together constitute an élite, to which do not belong the couriers, the code service, the mapmakers, the S. R., the commander of the post, nor the services of supply. He learns that a major who is a regular enjoys more consideration than a colonel who is not; that an administrative officer defers to a medical officer; and that the great distinction everywhere observed is between the professional and the temporary officers.

The regular officer on staff duty is the subject of the book. I know of no account in which he is more delicately portrayed. M. de Pierrefeu does not write about the abstract military administrator, or about a composite. He describes innumerable individual soldiers whom he knew well during those three years. They are by no means men of one temperament, or of one level of ability. They differ from each other as greatly as men do in any walk of life. Three more distinct human beings it would be hard to find anywhere than Joffre, Nivelle, and Pétain, and the distinctions run no less among their subordinates. And yet a common training at the military school, the tradition of the army, and the exigencies of war somehow canalise their differences into something which might be called a type, without, however, obliterating the differences at all.

A less disinterested observer like Repington sees only the differences, the interplay of diverse personalities; a less sympathetic observer would see only the Type. M. de Pierrefeu sees both, and that is why his portraits and his narrative are at once so lifelike and yet so illuminating. You are given the sense of what these officers were like, how they felt, how they acted, and you see also what they meant as the commanders of a great war. You both perceive and conceive them. The concepts are established by the skilful massing and selection of percepts. The generalities are embodied in significant detail.

One conclusion is fairly plain. It took nearly three years for the French General Staff to understand the character of the war it was fighting. One incident after another goes to show how inordinately difficult it was for these highly trained and very intelligent men to comprehend what was going on. After the first Marne, when trench warfare began in which the war was all front and no flanks, the French army went through agony to the edge of disaster, because the staff could not distinguish the war as it was from war as the text books taught it. It would be hard to find a more dramatic revelation of the fundamental importance of theory. The false but orthodox theory had to be unlearned at frightful cost, the radical new theory was learned only after Ludendorff and von Hutier had learned it and demonstrated it with crushing effect on the Italian, the Russian, and the French fronts. We are almost justified in saying that the long deadlock in the west was in the last analysis a time in which both commands were vainly trying to conceive the war. The soldiers held while the generals thought; the soldiers wasted themselves in fruitless attacks while the staffs painfully searched for the right method of attack.

When the front was stabilized in 1915, the situation was without precedent. Never before in all history was there an absolutely continuous fortified line that could not be turned. This theory produced the first new doctrine of the war. It was called Attrition, and rested on the notion that by matching lives with the Germans the war could be won. Add up the relative populations, said the doctrinaires, and the theory is proved. Another name for it was Nibbling. With elaborate preparation you jump from one hummock to another, capture a thousand prisoners, and lose a lot of men. Then you stop and nibble somewhere else. Acting on this metaphor you refuse to conceive the idea of a big offensive. So you do not prepare defenses in the rear, or lines of communication. The Germans, you are convinced, will only nibble, and that is what you want them to do. Instead they let the furies loose on Verdun, and only by the superhuman heroism of the infantry do you hold them. Then a new doctrine develops: the offensive on a limited front for limited objectives. That is now the way to win the war; so Nivelle replaces Joffre, and his staff decides to attack the

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fearfully dangerous position of the Chemin des Dames. The doctrine of Nivelle is the most romantic of all. It consists in the expectation of an immense miracle. It ought to be; therefore it will be. Without adequate preparation, and in an administrative fog, with the enemy forewarned, the troops go forward. The attack is shattered, the army demoralized, and, according to M. de Pierrefeu mutinies break out in sixteen army corps.

> We had reason to know well that the whole area of the attack bristled with difficulties, but we expected a miracle. The famous quarter of an hour in which the enemy's courage fails and he is routed, would it happen this time? I imagine that all of France was in the same state of impatience as we. The length of the war was becoming intolerable, it was necessary to finish it, every one would have given ten years of his life to see the day of victory. This war psychosis has rightly been called siege fever; no word describes it better, and I believe no government would have been strong enough to stop the offensive which was about to be unleashed. General Nivelle, whatever his responsibility, felt the instinctive push, the fuddling of that great crowd of Frenchmen who were unnerved by waiting, who hoped for a miracle and demanded an end of the nightmare at any price.

Nivelle's disaster was followed by the inconclusive but murderous battles of Flanders. By the end of 1917 Attrition had destroyed the Allied superiority, and with the Russian peace, Ludendorff actually had the bigger army on the western front. He had, too, invented a new method of attack. M. de Pierrefeu shows how resolutely the strategists refused to study it, though the intelligence section had studied it in detail. The break through of March 21, 1918, was in part the result of this neglect.

But in the meantime, according to M. de Pierrefeu, France had found a general who was capable of adjusting his doctrine to the facts. The story of Pétain, for reasons which he describes, is not well known in America. It is surely one of the great stories of the war. For Pétain took hold of a mutinous army, and by a combination of human understanding with administrative genius, nursed it back to health. Under Pétain, too, the intelligence began to function; tactics were based at last, and apparently for the first time, on actual information. Unfortunately M. de Pierrefeu does not make altogether explicit the relation between Foch and Pétain, but he furnishes the basis for surmise. Pétain, it seems, was the man who organized the army for the defense in 1918 and forged the weapon Foch wielded. The tactical inventions seem to have been the work of Pétain's staff; the great strategic decisions were Foch's.

It was Foch, for example, who decided in May of 1918 to defend the Channel and Amiens, at the risk of exposing the road to Paris. And that decision in spite of the disaster in Champagne, which brought the Germans from the Chemin des Dames to the Marne, was the ultimately sound decision, because it compelled Ludendorff to expend his reserves on a moral rather than a strategic success. But in July it was Pétain who forced Gouraud to adopt the new defense which shattered the last German attack,it was Pétain who gave Foch the necessary information for the counter offensive.

M. de Pierrefeu shows how at last the conception of victory was reached. Once the American troops had given the Allies superiority, it was no question of attrition, nibbling, piercing and the rest. "It was no longer the break through, a false conception based on a false picture, but the wrecking of the whole fortified front." M. de Pierrefeu's description of how Pétain improvised the French part of the incessant advance is an unforgetable record of how at last theory and practice were fitted one to the other.

It is to date the very best book on the war, and it will, I think, long remain an indispensable document on the nature of leadership, and the quality of command. It is not a moralist's book, and it rightly does not pretend to throw light on any of the ultimate questions of war and peace. It is a first hand study of the commander in war, and therefore, a contribution to the psychology of leadership anywhere. It will delight any one whose curiosity is stronger than his opinions.

WALTER LIPPMANN

The Cry

Dear Life, be merciful and kind,
Lend me your hand, for I am blind,
Lend me your wit, for mine too soon
Inhabits with the spectral moon,
Prepare your still intelligence
To watch beside my ailing sense.

Life, I have made my pilgrimage
All as you bade, and, wage by wage,
Your service seemed but well to me.
Now gentle in persuasion be,
When after you I fall and bleed,
And hear not where your footfalls lead.

My song no tardy messenger
Has been of any word that there
Dwelt from your charge for witnessing,
Let me not be an outcast thing,
Dear life, this wether from your fold,
With a great heart untimely old.

In faith to you have labored long
My blood, my purposes, my song.
In faith to you my hope is dumb,
To this poor waste of darkness come.
O life, forsake me not, who lie
Broken upon your Calvary.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

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The Building Industry: Chaos or Collusion?

EIGHT years ago a remarkable book, entitled, The New Competition, was published by the late Arthur Jerome Eddy. Its object was to set forth a plan by which the "old competition" of secrecy, distrust, discrimination and cut-throat practices might be replaced by a "new competition" of frankness, fairness and good faith. What Mr. Eddy proposed was the "Open Price Association," which, as he expounded it, looked to many students of industry like a practicable escape from the disorder and crookedness of much of our competitive business, above all in the field of contract construction. The idea appeared to be excellent. But out of it — so it appears from the Lockwood inquiry — has grown the oppressive system of combinations that have played havoc with the business of building and contracting in New York and elsewhere. Hettrick and Brindell — the hatch seems very incongruous with the egg. How did it happen?

There is no doubt that conditions were far from satisfactory before the formation of the combinations now under fire, and will remain unsatisfactory after those combinations have been dissolved. In the field of retail trade American business long ago developed the policy of uniform prices to all, plainly marked, accessible to the public and to competitors. The advantages of this policy, to all persons concerned, are obvious and striking. Buying and selling at retail is no longer a contest of wits, absorbing a great part of the moral energies of both buyer and seller, as it had been throughout history and still is in the Mediterranean countries and the Orient, and in fact in far the greater part of the world. We have subjected our public service enterprises to the same rule. But in much manufacturing and in most construction under contract, the struggle of wits between buyer and seller is just as fierce as it is in the rug trade of Bokhara or Mosul. The contractor, ignorant of what his competitors are bidding, makes up his own bid not on a basis of a fair equivalent for his costs and services, but on a basis determined by his guesses as to the terms of other bids, the needs of his customer and his own more or less pressing need for work. Again, in securing his supplies he does not know what his competitors are paying. Within his proper field he may be an efficient manager, but if he falls short in bidding for work or purchasing supplies he may be driven entirely out of the business. It used to be said complacently that those who fell were the unfit and that society was the gainer by their elimination. But to anyone who like Mr. Eddy had observed the actual workings of competition in the building industry the social gains from this kind of selection appeared doubtful.

This was the nature of the evil that Mr. Eddy's Open Price Association was intended to remedy. And before we condemn it because of the nest of scorpions apparently sprung from it, let us see exactly what it was. All the contractors or manufacturers in a given competing group were to be brought into an association whose essential function was to be the sharing of information of common interest. The fixing or maintaining of prices was no part of Mr. Eddy's plan. Indeed, he was very much opposed to any such activity, not only because it was contrary to law and public policy, but also because all price fixing associations are shipwrecked sooner or later by sporadic price cutting and by the resultant suspicion and ill will. But let all the contractors or manufacturers in active competition get together, say, in monthly meetings and discuss the general condition of the industry, what business each had conducted in the course of the month and at what price, etc. That alone would give some clue to the amount and kind of business to be had in the subsequent month, and indicate to each member of the group whether he ought to cut his bids to the lowest possible figure or whether he could allow himself a comfortable margin and still get all the work he wanted. Ultimately Mr. Eddy hoped that all competing bids for any particular job might be made known to all bidders before the contract was signed. Then any striking variations might be discussed among the contractors and sharp practices and unsound policies revealed.

Under this plan, it might be argued, no contractor would submit his lowest possible bid. Perhaps not. But the Eddy plan did not contemplate any requirement of standing by a bid once made public. Any contractor, during the discussion, might revise his bid downward, although he would doubtless be deterred from cutting to a ruinously low figure by the fact that all of his competitors would see exactly what he was doing.

But would not such a scheme lend itself readily to collusive bidding? As originally conceived, the open price association was to operate in full publicity. Everything done by the association was to be fully recorded, and the records always kept open to inspection by public officers, representatives of the association's customers and representatives of labor. Under such conditions it would hardly have been possible for the several bidders to conspire to keep all bids at an unreasonably high level and divide among themselves the profits of the one selected to put in the lowest bid. Those who favored the Eddy plan believed that contracts would

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still go to the bona fide lowest bidder, but that bidder would seldom be driven below his costs, to the demoralization of the industry as a whole.

But now we can appeal to experience — if indeed the associations investigated by the Lockwood Committee are the progeny of the Eddy idea. The facts brought out in connection with the testimony of Mr. Hettrick indicate, instead of an association for frank and free discussion within the group of bidders, a concentration of information, under conditions of the deepest secrecy, in the hands of a lawyer whose services, only exceptionally legal, were compensated by a percentage of the gross business. In the normal course all estimates of contracts were submitted to Mr. Hettrick, before the contract was signed. These estimates were examined by Mr. Hettrick and "corrected" when "errors" were found in them. The contract then went to the lowest bidder — perhaps a "corrected" lowest bidder. Not only that: the successful bidder paid in to a trustee four per cent on his gross business, down to October, and since then, two per cent, to cover, besides Mr. Hettrick's services an item of "insurance." And these trusteed moneys were distributed from time to time, not in proportion to the business of Mr. Hettrick's clients, but according to conditions the key to which is not publicly apparent. It is sufficiently obvious that such a form of organization was perfectly adapted to the distribution of jobs by Mr. Hettrick's office, wihout reference to bona fide competition. Nothing would have been simpler than to fix all bids at an unreasonably high level and to determine according to a prearranged scheme of distribution whose should be the low bid on each job. Mr. Hettrick had, in the case of the plumbers, figures on the last seven years' business. If distribution without real competition had been determined on, those figures would have served nicely for a basis.

We do not affirm that this plan of association actually worked to substitute systematized collusive bidding for open competition. That remains for the courts to determine. But nothing is more certain than that such a plan, though organized without unlawful intent, would tend in that direction.

Secrecy without any kind of organization has resulted in a chaos of cut throat competition in the contracting field. Secrecy with organization can produce only one result, collusion and extortion. The existing organizations, being built on secrecy, are too dangerous. They ought to be destroyed. But that thrusts us back into the old evil of competitive chaos. Is it not time for the contracting interests to try out the Eddy plan of open competition, in good faith?

ALVIN JOHNSON

CORRESPONDENCE

Some Apologies to Mr. Rockwell of Fargo

On January 4th there appeared in the New York Times a letter from James E. Rockwell, editor of the Fargo Forum, of Fargo, North Dakota. His remarks are concerned with the comment of the New Republic on the Nonpartisan League, in its issue of November 17th. This comment Mr. Rockwell claims was based "on the premise that the League had polled 3,000,000 votes in the nine states in which it had candidates." He continues:

> "I immediately wrote to the editors of the magazine calling their attention to the fact that the League had actually polled but a little more than 1,000,000 votes, but my letter was ignored. On at least two occasions since then I have attempted to get the New Republic to correct its misstatements, for the official figures, taken from the League's own organ, show that the total vote polled in the nine states was 1,235,824.
>
> "In view of the rather hectic way in which the New Republic professes to pursue 'the truth'—especially for other journals and newspapers—it was rather surprising that it would refuse to correct such a glaring misstatement. Its entire comment was based on the fact that the 'protest vote' was up as high as 3,000,000, so surely it should be worthy of note when that 'protest vote' is reduced by about 60 per cent. But apparently the young internationalists who edit the New Republic believe in truth for others but not for themselves."

Mr. Rockwell's original letter to us was mislaid. Such things, of course, will happen in any office; they are inexcusable, and we can only say, *peccavimus*. Then, quite naturally, Mr. Rockwell inquired why we had not answered him. We wrote on January 3rd that if he would send a carbon copy of his letter we should be glad to publish it together with the proper amends. The next day, Mr. Rockwell, who lives in Fargo, North Dakota, appeared in the New York Times, complaining that three of his letters had been ignored. On January 6th he writes us that he did not keep a copy of his original letter.

We cannot deal with Mr. Rockwell's original complaint; we shall now deal with his letter to the New York Times. He says our entire comment of November 17th was based on the premise that the Nonpartisan League vote was 3,000,000 and apparently rebukes us for shouting triumph on the basis of false figures. We insist we did no such thing. The paragraph Mr. Rockwell has in mind began in these words: "The Nonpartisan League, the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties have cause for mixed feelings in the vote polled by their supporters in the election." We went on to tell how "vague estimates" or "incomplete returns" gave the Farmer-Labor party from half to three quarters of a million, and the Socialist party from a million and a half to two million votes. We obviously put no great confidence in these early figures; and when in the same paragraph we said "The Nonpartisan League . . . . *announces* a total of three million votes in nine states" we merely quoted an announcement, and gave no one reason to believe we thought this a certain, or the final figure. The "glaring misstatement" Mr. Rockwell refers to was not ours, but the Nonpartisan League's or that of the paper that carried its announcement. But readers of Mr. Rockwell's letter would assume that on that three million we had based a perilous edifice of rejoicing. We did not. We spoke of the League's few local victories—of the fact that the opposition had a majority of three in the legislature of North Dakota; and our attitude was plain enough when we added that the election of Mr. Ladd "made up for much of the defeat."

THE EDITORS.

The Nonpartisan League and the Cooperative Movement

SIR: Permit me to take exception not only to most of the conclusions, but to many of the alleged statements of fact which appear in Mr. Walter Locke's recent article in the New Republic entitled, The Irrepressible Farmer.

Briefly, Mr. Locke finds there have been two movements for

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the relief of agriculture. I say "have been," because he is willing to concede that the Nonpartisan League, one of these movements, is now probably so badly defeated that it can not recover. The League has been the "political organ of farmer discontent," he says, using the phraseology of the anti-League propagandists. The other movement has been (and *is,* because Mr. Locke hasn't dug a grave for it yet) the so-called "cooperative movement." Mr. Locke finds these two movements separate and distinct and irreconcilable—one political and for state action on behalf of farmers, the other purely economic, getting farmers what they want without state action. The only reason the political movement was successful in North Dakota is because there was not a sufficient cooperative movement there, he says. On the other hand, there was a cooperative movement in Nebraska, more or less successful, and therefore the League was defeated (and is probably dead) in Nebraska. Further, North Dakota was a sort of Russia where reasonable reform was neglected so long that the state had a Bolshevistic eruption (the League), which (praise God) can not happen in other states.

But this theory falls before the facts. The Nonpartisan League, it is true, has a program calling for state ownership of some of the farm product marketing facilities and machinery. It is true also that the cooperative movement proposes ownership of some if not all of this machinery under the cooperative plan, rather than by the state. But state ownership of facilities which adapt themselves also to cooperative ownership, is only a part, and not the largest part, of the Nonpartisan League program and purpose. There would be a Nonpartisan League, and it would continue to grow everywhere, if it had no state ownership program which its opponents could claim was conflicting with the cooperators. The Nonpartisan League is the organized political movement of the farmers—frankly and honestly just that—just exactly as the British Labor party is the labor *political* movement in Great Britain. In forming the labor party for political action, the workers have not abandoned their non-political economic unions and organizations. They have strengthened them. In forming the Nonpartisan League the farmers have not abandoned or conflicted with their cooperative organizations.

Almost every farm organization in the United States except the Nonpartisan League bars politics—just as Gompers and the American Federation of Labor do. The League is organized to get *political action* for farmers, to get them more representation in legislatures and congress, in state and national offices. Thus the League exists to protect and aid farmer cooperation through favorable laws, as it has aided cooperators in North Dakota. Besides this, a large part of the League program demands state action along lines that admittedly could not be worked out without state action—for instance, crop insurance, which must have a state monopoly to succeed; or, financing of farmers, which the government has undertaken nationally through the farm loan banks, and which the League in North Dakota has supplemented with a state-owned and operated central bank. There are also laws to make the official grading of farm produce fair to producers, laws to aid home-building and development of natural resources, as the lignite fields in North Dakota, none of which can be obtained except by political action.

Despite what Mr. Locke says, there was a cooperative movement in North Dakota when the League started to organize there, almost as well developed as in Nebraska at the present time, about which Mr. Locke is so enthusiastic. The farmers in North Dakota, before the first League legislature met, had erected a great cooperative packing plant at Fargo; as a result the League did not attempt any state-owned packing plant, although that was a part of the original program. North Dakota farmers, before the League came, had organized the largest cooperative grain marketing institution in the world, the Equity, now, after spreading to other states, the largest grain marketing firm of any kind, cooperative or not, in the country.

While the League has not been completely successful politically yet in Minnesota, due to the fact that the state is over half industrial, it has a hold among farmers equal to its hold in North Dakota, and Minnesota has long been as far advanced, if not further advanced in the cooperative movement, than Nebraska.

Mr. Locke makes much of the fact that Nebraska had a political housecleaning before the League came, while North Dakota did not. The fact is that several years before the League started to organize, the insurgent Republican movement in North Dakota was victorious in turning out the old machine bosses and severing the connection between the government and the railroads, just as Mr. Locke says was done in Nebraska. It was, in fact, a progressive Republican state administration that the League defeated in its first campaign in North Dakota.

It is such facts as these that knock Mr. Locke's brilliant generalizations into a cocked hat.

Nearly every farmer in North Dakota that originally joined the Nonpartisan League was a member of the Equity, the Farmers' Union or some other organization promoting cooperation and succeeding at it, just as in Nebraska the League membership right now is composed almost entirely of farmers who belong to one or another of the cooperative organizations about which Mr. Locke writes. He does not get it through his head that the League is the *political arm* of the farmers and as such logical and necessary to agriculture, and as much needed as cooperative and other forms of non-political organization. The farmers will have both economic and political action despite the Locke theory of farm organization. When labor organizes a strong labor party in this country it won't be in conflict with the labor unions, but an aid to them—their political arm—and labor will do that sooner or later, just as the farmers have done it in the Nonpartisan League, without conflicting with farmer economic action.

One of the big issues that built the Nonpartisan League in Minnesota was the farmers' demand, expressed by the League, for a tonnage tax on iron ore, to compensate the people of the state for their heritage of iron ore in northern Minnesota, now being taken from the state without adequate return to the people, by the steel trust. Mr. Locke would not argue, I hope, that Minnesota farmers could get a more equitable adjustment of taxes between the mining interests and agriculture by organizing a cooperative body which would keep out of politics.

No, the farmers will continue to have their political movement and be in politics, no matter how successful the cooperative movement. They know now too well what can be done through political action. The Nonpartisan League takes a back seat for no one when it comes to boosting farmer cooperation. The propaganda that the League is conflicting with the cooperative movement, or is unnecessary along with the cooperative movement, has not appealed to the farmers.

OLIVER S. MORRIS,
Editor, The Nonpartisan Leader.

Minneapolis.

Pay Teachers Less

SIR: The proposed general advance in the rate of pedagogical pay would tend to intensify the characteristic fault of teachers, the quality of being opinionated. It would have the unfortunate effect of freeing them to a certain extent from the salutary restraint and domination of such agencies as school boards, trustees, and regents. The instructors of the young would grow more and more independent as they grew more prosperous till they might even have the temerity to believe that they ought to express their opinions openly and frankly on public questions instead of deferring to the wiser heads possessing the Divine Right to hire and fire.

Furthermore, any such ridiculous increase of salaries as has been suggested would merely encourage the natural indolence of teachers. If their salaries were doubled, they would probably work only half the year, devoting the other half to "research" or some other selfish indulgence. Thus the remedy would contribute to the scarcity of teachers, the very evil that some people think it would cure.

In general, the economic effect of a wholesale advance in the wage scale of teachers would be to place them on the plane with day laborers. The increase in salary would put the teacher on equal terms, financially if not socially, with the roustabout and the deckhand, only a little lower than the White Wing and the policeman,—to say nothing of the white slave. Surely we wish no such readjustment of social distinctions.

But this caste leveling would not be the worst effect of more cash for the culture-mongers. There is yet one other very important consideration, a delicate and interesting condition that should be faced frankly. If teachers are paid higher wages, they will be tempted to reproduce their kind,—as they cannot at present afford to do. Now it is well known that educators as a class are painfully conscientious plodders, cautious, conservative, and refined, dreamy, impractical, and pepless. That they commonly dislike jazz is a fair indication of their temperamental peculiarities. They came into existence, most of them, as inexplicable shoots of otherwise good American stock; their occurrence is to be attributed to chance rather than to any taint or defect in the line of parenthood.

The true solution for the problem of American education today is to reduce teachers' salaries, and teachers themselves, to a minimum. Far from advancing the teaching wage, we must cut it in half. Schooling, after all, is a tedious, enervating, and confounded luxury. We should pay for it with what little we can spare after buying necessities.

R. C. W.

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VERSE

The Revolutionary

Look at them standing there in authority,
The pale-faces.
As if it could have any effect any more.

Pale-face authority.
Caryatids.
Pillars of white bronze standing rigid, lest the skies fall.

What a job they've got to keep it up.
Their poor, idealist foreheads naked capitals
To the entablature of clouded heaven.

I wish the skies would fall.
I wish the high and super-gothic heavens would come down,
The temple of holy light, the infinite of the spirit.

For I, like a blinded Samson, am imprisoned in it.
Yes, I am not afraid to say I am a Samson
Chained to you, slaves, pale-faces, pillars of humanity, caryatids, you metallic-stunned with the weight of your responsibility.

I have every sympathy with you.
The weight of your responsibility, holding up this ideal civilization,
Must be excruciating, unless you stiffen into metal, when you find it easier to stand than to move.

That's why I tug at you, individually, with my arm 'round your waist.
And you feel pretty rocky, you pillars.
The house sways.

I shall be glad when it comes down.
I am so tired of the prison of the infinite.
I am so tired of the limitations of the spirit.
I am so tired of pale-face, moral authority.

Am I not gone blind to it all!
What is their sky to me, their effulgence of spirit, their sun of righteousness?
Their pale faces!

To me, now, all faces are dark
All lips negroid.

Save your lips, oh palefaces,
Which are slips of metal
Like the slit in a pillar-box, you columns of divine correspondence.

To me the earth rolls ponderously, superbly
Interrupted by no breath of the pale ghost.
To me, men's footfalls fall with a dull, soft rumble, ominous and lovely.

But not your footfalls, pale-faces.
They are a clicketting of bits of disjointed metal
Working in motion.

To me, men are invisible, palpable presences in the dark
Sending out vibrations of warning, pitch-dark invitation.

But you, pale-faces,
You are painful irregular pillars which give off nothing except rigidity
And I bump against you if I try to move, for you are legion
And I am ensnared among you,
Sightless among all your visuality,
You staring caryatids of humanity.

But see if I don't bring you down, and all your high opinion
And all your ponderous roofed-in infinite of the spirit,
With a smash.

See if I am not lord of the dark and moving host
Before I die.

D. H. Lawrence.

Emptying Ashes

The leaves blow like ghosts through the blur of lamplight
And gather in the wind at the foot of the wall;
Bare trees breathe in the wind with silvery singing;
Save for the street lamps flinging
Long level rays there are no stars seen at all.

And no man goes or comes; the houses are silent;
They have all withdrawn within from the cold rain,
Pulled down the blinds, and drawn up chairs to the fire,
Each to his own desire,
Knowing the wind only as winter wind again.

Winter, a furnace to tend, ashes to empty,
A banking of many fires, the evenings longer—
While the land is turned to the stars, the sea to the sun;
And mile by mile, one by one,
The rivers pause; and the tug of storms is stronger.

At the base of the wall the leaves lift in the wind's whirl;
The clouds pour over the sky; behind them rides
Somewhere a quiet moon, swift and dark,
Cutting its changeless arc,
Calling the tides we know, called by unknown tides.

I could step out on the rain, leave this darkness,
Blaze a path through the cool deserts of time,
Descend from sun to sun, from ledge to ledge,
Slip out beyond the edge,
And lose the earth like a forgotten crime.

I could turn within, follow curious shadows
Through the interminably opening doors,
Finding a thousand griefs, old scents and laughters,
Hung, cob-web like to rafters,
And secret springs, blank corridors, and haunted floors.

The leaves blow like ghosts through the blur of lamplight
And gather in the wind at the foot of the wall;
Well, I am weary, these ways seem dusty, lonely,
So much distance only,
And I empty the ashes, watching the leaves, after all.

Maxwell Anderson.

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Books and Things

IN no December, not even on the thirtieth or thirty-first thereof, am I sensible nowadays of temptation to make a resolution for the New Year. It was not ever thus. Not so long ago, a quarter century perhaps, it behoved me to tread warily through December if I wished to escape finding myself committed, on January 1st, to one form or another of the New Life. The problem, you see, was to escape without resolving not to resolve. Somewhat earlier, say thirty-five years ago, there was no such problem. The New Life called with many voices, and to stop one's ears would have seemed an insensate waste of opportunity. One's only difficulty was to pick and choose among all the accessible New Lives.

When I first read George Eliot I was young enough not to resent either her morals or the thickness of the implement with which she pointed them. Tito Melema looked in those days like a portrait of what I might turn into if I didn't watch out. Tito, George Eliot says of his state of mind, just after he had denied Baldassarre on the steps of the Duomo, "Tito was experiencing that inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character." Why not make a vow to reiterate that choice, in the good sense, day after day, and to recoup oneself later on by the glory of such a sudden deed as the world would resound and clang and reecho with? Why not, except for the fact that I had just discovered Goethe as well as Romola, and was making up my mind which of two Goethes slavishly to imitate, him whose critical intelligence was always adjusting itself, with exactness, to all things as they are, or him who acquired experience, who became one of the First of Those Who Know Life, by taking all women to be his province. Experience, Knowledge, Moral Discipline—all three roads appeared open to traffic.

Yes, there was often, was nearly always, something unreal about the options thus assembled and stood up in a row on ceremonial occasions, whether at the end of the year, at the beginning of Lent, or in the first flush of Confirmation. The other resolutions, those that came of themselves towards the close of daydreams, had a better chance of being indigenous to the soil and unforced. Not until late in life, if ever, does the notion that only one of two mutually exclusive ideals is realizable make itself an unevictable tenant of the mind. I cannot remember that my own boyhood admitted the possibility of such a thing as civil war among my more general wishes. For a while I was bent upon being a mystery socially, a thing apart, a character fateful, ravaged, dark, stormswept, a sacrifice on the altar of sky-high aspiration or iciest grief, yet this byronic preference didn't collide with my inclination to be quite simply the life of the party and unassumingly gay. "The sober majesties of settled, sweet, epicurean life"—a taste for these, provided the soberness meant no harm, seemed quite consistent with a career of more than antique stoicism, of varied evils, Roman and frontier evils, borne with unvarying fortitude, for the pure sake of bearing them thus, like a Leatherstocking Cato.

The mortality among my desires, good resolutions, ideals or whatever you choose to call them, was not due to discovery of their incompatibility. Some of them were killed by phrases I happened to read. "Surely the world, that's wise being very old, needs not our help"—a yearning to benefit the human race, never very robust, kept alive by careful nursing, died on the day when I found that sentence in Rossetti. A short-lived nil admirari pose came against this, and fell: "Oh! quel homme supérieur! disait encore Candide entre ses dents: quel grand génie que ce Pococurante! Rien ne peut lui plaire." Indeed, phrases played a large part in my life then; almost as large as now. "And so it has come about," I read in the notes to a schoolbook, "that the model of Attic prose is considered to be preserved, not in the labored, antithetical greatness of the style of Thucydides, or in the lovely, half-poetical diction of Plato, but in the every-day sentences which make up the page of Xenophon." Even by the light of this tip I couldn't see anything perfect in Xenophon's way of writing, but those two words "Attic prose" were a promise that an unhoped-for, half-guessed-at perfection of ease and simplicity and clearness existed somewhere, and might with a little luck be found and read.

Let me add, however, lest I make myself out more consumedly bookish than I really was, that the only resolution I ever tried my best to keep was suggested directly by life. This happens to be also the only resolution I can look back upon with any approach to shame. No athlete I, yet throughout one spring and summer, when fourteen or fifteen, I misapplied my energies to pole-vaulting, an art in which I had formally resolved to excel. Weak of arm and hand, incapable of chinning himself passably, why should a boy who knew he was thus handicapped have picked out a sport that no one could be good at who could not guide and accelerate the momentum of his body with his arms? A mystery like any other, yet my shame was due neither to the obvious misdirection of my bitter efforts nor to their failure. Shame came later, a year or more after I had abandoned pole-vaulting, one day when I saw in a flash how grossly I had relied upon the help of magic to hoist my sagging body over that bar. Instead of going first of all to a gymnasium, there to strengthen and discipline hands and arms, I had tried to make my heart pure! I had believed literally that if my heart were pure my strength would be as the strength of ten boys. I had prayed and prayed, yet the little increase of strength that rewarded my increased purity of heart had gone mostly into my legs, where I hadn't asked for it. Such an answer to prayer struck me as irrelevant, and possibly mocking. Only one gain could be set down opposite this loss of faith, the dawn of a conviction that in this world success in getting what you want by dint of effort depends upon wanting things within effort's reach.

These early resolutions and their companions, as one looks back to them from middle age, appear divisible roughly into three chronological groups. First of all came resolution which aimed at realizing ideals of fabulous power; next, those which aimed at realizing ideals of impossible happiness; last of all in time the resolutions which were nothing but means to ends that had somehow chosen themselves. One's present wishes do not often take the shape of resolution, being mostly for the next generation, upon whom resolutions can not and ought not to be forced. Looking back a little more curiously, passing one ideal and one pose after another in review, I discover that I do not yet know how many elements that are not pose every pose must include, nor how many unattainable goals one must try for in order to attain anything at all. And I am still rather sorry that George Eliot's Tito never suggested an experiment. If one had chosen good three days a week, and evil three days, one would never have been sure which kind of sudden deed one was fitting oneself for, and life would have been more surprising than I've found it.

P. L.

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Miss Cather's Short Stories

Youth and the Bright Medusa, short stories by Willa Cather. New York: A. A. Knopf.

FROM Miss Cather's novels one receives a powerful impression of direct experience. In Nebraska, the Nebraska of the prairie, of Swedes and Bohemians and French and Russians, one feels she is thoroughly and deeply at home. She is not a restless analyst. Out of the strong women whom she delights to portray she seems above everything eager to write an epic, an epic of lonely struggle and staunch character, wistfulness of beauty and fidelity to dream. Her novels belong to the New World as it existed on the stubborn frontier, but the glamour in them is the glamour of the Old World reborn in the eye of the sunset, the Old World with its music and its poesy, its passionate temperaments, its society, its color. It is as an insider she speaks of the quiet old European mothers who want only to grow a garden, the sensitive European father who was a handworker and does not understand the untamed nature of the plains. And it is as an insider she writes of youth in the sod-houses and log-houses, in the wet pastures, and on the lonely frost-ridged roads. The bleak cemeteries of those new communities are immemorial in her compassionate chronicles. She is one of the few American novelists who has really traced the cycle of the later non-English pioneers.

When it comes to this volume of short stories Miss Cather appears definitely to have moved East. She has come, in a sense, to an assuagement of the nostalgia which penetrates the Nebraskan stories—a nostalgia which the unity of beauty is supposed to end. All her main characters in Youth and the Bright Medusa are men and women, especially women, who suck the honey of beauty and build its honey-comb. The uncouth background from which they come to sculpture and music is no longer defined with tenderness. A fierce resentment is poured by Miss Cather into The Sculptor's Funeral and A Gold Slipper and A Wagner Matinée. Paul's Case goes no farther back to the "raw, biting ugliness" of the frontier than Pittsburgh, but there too is "the yearning of a boy, cast ashore upon a desert of newness and ugliness and sordidness, for all that is chastened and old, and noble with traditions." This yearning, however, turns to criticism and didacticism only in two stories. It is not in Miss Carther's staid spirit to insist on her moral. And her moral, in most cases, is not an argument as to the frontier but an escape to lives preoccupied with something besides land.

Her real fellowship is with artists, successful and unsuccessful, genuine and meretricious. But what seems to interest Miss Cather about Eden Bower (Edna Bowers), Cressida Garnet, Kitty Ayrshire, Katharine Gaylord, is not so much their art as their career. Their art is, after all, a medium of self-expression. The character that is employed inside that medium is the thing on which Miss Cather unfailingly concentrates. Hence, though the fascination of sculptors and opera singers and artists is evidently the magnet of these stories, the essence of them is the interplay of character and happiness. It is Miss Cather's gift to make much of this interplay.

Cressida Garnet is "the diamond mine" exploited by her sour family, her four husbands, her profession, her spoiled son. "A beautiful soundness of body, a seemingly exhausless vitality, and a certain 'squareness' of character as well as of mind, gave Cressida Garnet earning powers that were exceptional even in her lavishly rewarded profession." This type, which appeals to Miss Cather, does not preclude her amused understanding of the capable opportunist Eden Bower. "People like Eden Bower are inexplicable. Her father sold farming machinery in Huntington, Illinois, and she had grown up with no acquaintances or experiences outside of that prairie town. Yet from her earliest childhood she had not one conviction or opinion in common with the people about her,—the only people she knew. Before she was out of short dresses she had made up her mind that she was going to be an actress, that she would live far away in great cities, that she would be much admired by men and would have everything she wanted." And she does. Her Chicago capitalist, "the most circumspect of bachelors," she manages perfectly. Her only aberration is the artist Don Hedger, whom she tries to make successful. That aberration, with Don Hedger's peep-hole courtship, is joyfully imagined by Miss Cather, even to Coney Island and Washington square and the Brevoort and the flock of pigeons "from somewhere in the crowded Italian quarter to the south."

The ironies of the artistic temperament are scrutinized not only in Blasius Bouchelka, Cressida's wild-eyed husband who becomes tame and fat in prosperity, and in Paul, who commits suicide after one glorious week of escape to the Waldorf Astoria; but also in the drunken lawyer who perorates at the sculptor's funeral and in Siegmund Stein, the "deep, mysterious Jew" who invented an affaire with an opera star and whose "business associates thought him a man of taste and culture, a patron of the arts, a credit to the garment trade."

Miss Cather's incisive description of this gentleman whose motto was substitution is worth quoting. "He is one of the most hideous men in New York, but it's not at all the common sort of ugliness that comes from over-eating and automobiles. He isn't one of the fat horrors. He has one of those rigid, horselike faces that never tell anything; a long nose, flattened as if it had been tied down; a scornful chin; long, white teeth; flat cheeks, yellow as a Mongolian's; tiny, black eyes, with puffy lids and no lashes; dingy, dead-looking hair—looks as if it were glued on." The sort of man who gives you nostalgia for Nebraska.

In making her stories interesting Miss Cather employs a definite technique. Her eight beginnings illustrate her remarkable magazine-craft, and account both for her effectiveness and for something else:

"Don Hedger had lived for four years on the top floor of an old house on the south side of Washington square, and nobody had ever disturbed him." (Coming, Aphrodite!)

"I first became aware that Cressida Garnet was on board when I saw young men with cameras going up to the boat deck." (The Diamond Mine.)

"Marshall McKann followed his wife and her friend Mrs. Post down the aisle and up the steps to the stage of the Carnegie Music Hall with an ill-concealed feeling of grievance." (A Gold Slipper.)

"Kitty Airshire had a cold, a persistent inflammation of the vocal cords which defied the throat specialist." (Scandal.)

"It was Paul's afternoon to appear before the faculty of the Pittsburgh High School to account for his various misdemeanors." (Paul's Case.)

"I received one morning a letter, written in pale ink on glossy, blue-lined note-paper, and bearing the postmark of a little Nebraska village." (A Wagner Matinée.)

"A group of the townspeople stood on the station siding

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of a little Kansas town, awaiting the coming of the night train, which was already twenty minutes overdue." (A Sculptor's Funeral.)

"Everett Hilgarde was conscious that the man across the aisle was looking at him intently." (A Death in the Desert.)

The first-quoted beginnings are later and clearly more expert. They show how, in the management of her reader, Miss Cather has progressed. They also indicate her limitation. It is her admirable gift to discern certain excellent themes and to treat them with fastidiousness and sympathy. It is apparently the paucity of her gift that she does so deliberately, with her inspiration perfectly in hand. The most exciting kind of genius, after all, whether in poetry or prose, meets us "burning bright," like Blake's tiger. This is not the type of genius to expect from Miss Cather. She burns illuminatingly and steadily, but mainly because she is sane and capable. Feeling she has, and romantic glamour, but at no time does she seem easily irradiant. For this reason her very effectiveness, her shrewd impersonal security in the arrangement and despatch of her story, has a formality that takes away from the flowing line of real self-expression. Better than the familiar vast ineptitude, this formality. But Miss Cather is perhaps still withholding from her fiction something that is intimate, essential and ultimate. That, in creative art, is the Great Divide.

F. H.

The Soul of a City

The Golden Book of Springfield, by Vachel Lindsay: New York: The Macmillan Co.

HOW many of us, I wonder, have still that little collection of designs and chimes, the golden cover of which is inscribed "The Soul of the City receives the gift of the Holy Spirit," which is signed "Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, rhymer and designer," and which carries the addendum "This tract has been printed by the designer expressly for gratuitous distribution in Springfield, Illinois"? And how many of us have still that little pamphlet with golden design and lettering "In Memorial of Lincoln, called The Hero of Time"? The tract and the pamphlet are by a less famous Lindsay, but they form the first draft of the book that comes at the moment of Lindsay's greatest celebrity—The Golden Book of Springfield.

Perhaps the most sheerly eloquent work that the poet has given us is the verses that are the Memorial to Lincoln. They are in the form of inscriptions for the heroes of all time, and when we know who these heroes are we know the patron saints of the prophet of the new Springfield. The heroes of time are Rameses II, Moses, Confucius, Buddha, Phidias, Socrates, Caesar, Christ, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Mohammed, St. Francis of Assisi, Dante, Columbus, Michaelangelo, Titian, Shakespeare, Milton, Cromwell, Napoleon, Lincoln. The epilogue is an address to the young men of Illinois.—

> Nay, I would have you grand, and still forgot,
> Hid like the stars at noon, as he who set
> The Egyptian magic of man's alphabet;
> Or that far Coptic, first to dream in pain
> That dauntless souls cannot by death be slain—
> Conquering for all men then the fearful grave.
> God keep us hid, yet vaster far, than death.
> God help us to be brave.

The foreword to The Soul of the City runs:—

> The pictures of certain public buildings that appear here are used as hieroglyphics of the body and soul of the place. They come in the following order: Abraham Lincoln's Residence; the Lincoln Monument; the Immaculate Conception Church (Catholic); the First Presbyterian Church; the Sangamon County Court House (once the State House where Lincoln was a Legislator); the present State House; the High School Building; the Hall of Horticulture at the State Fair. The institutions enshrined in these buildings and in many others, are becoming wonderful in their inner spirit. Soon the city shall be rebuilt in splendor.

It might be said that these are the words that really begin The Golden Book of Springfield.

The poet is earnest still, but perhaps not so deeply, not so youthfully earnest. Instead of ringing chimes from steeples he now walks the streets of the city. But his dream of heroism is in the traffickings of the street. "I ask to be forgiven if I am jealous of the furious and romantic years just coming on," says a statesman in the new book—a statesman who is looking towards the years after 2018. Is it not the failure of the great books that, before Democratic Vistas, anticipated future societies, that they shadowed forth nothing furious and romantic in the years? And is it not a measure of Vachel Lindsay's achievement that he can make us jealous of the year 2018?

The Golden Book of Springfield is a story interpolated with visions and inspiring speeches. The visions and the speeches are more exciting than the story; they are the core of the book: indeed, they make the Koran that is embedded in—the Koran that perhaps *is*—The Golden Book of Springfield.

I wonder if Vachel Lindsay realizes how much closer he is to Mohammed's book of visions and speeches than he is to the book that is mentioned with the greatest honor—St. Augustine's City of God? "Paradise is in the shadow of the crossing Swords" says Mohammed, making us know that in the spirit and in the world there must be room for exploit. Vachel Lindsay provides the room—at least he shows us that in the Springfield of a hundred years hence the room has not been narrowed: there are still classes and sects; there are clans, even; great wars loom ahead; there is youth—youth that takes its measure from Walt Whitman's Vistas—"fresh, ardent, emotional, aspiring, full of adventure."

Mohammed would surely approve of the abstenance of the Faithful in the Springfield of 2018. They drink coffee, but wine is prohibited. There is dancing in Springfield, but there is no wine; there is feasting, but there is no wine; there is song, but there is no wine; there is love-making, but there is no wine. So fiercely Moslem is Vachel Lindsay that he lets us see wine only in the hands of the Giour—the Man from Singapore is served with the black wine of Siam; and the heretical dynasts—were there not such in Bagdad?—who were never really with the Faithful, have hidden stores of alcohol with which they are still able to corrupt the world. Like Mohammed Vachel Lindsay has been to Heaven and has brought back an awakening account of the place. But "the black eyed girls in green" of Mohammmed's faith are on earth—magnificent young virgins who, under the leadership of Avenel, the heroine of the book, ride horses and flash swords.

The opening chapters of the Golden Book of Springfield are prosaic. There does not seem to be spring enough in the board that Vachel Lindsay drags out. To vary the metaphor he is slow about bringing out Mohammed's horse. It is only in chapter five, with the coming of the girl Avenel, that the history begins to be exciting. There are sensational happenings thereafter, but it is the visions and the descriptions of things seen that make the other chapters

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memorable—the Sunset Towers that are the centre of the star-plan system of the new Springfield; the great vine of the Apple Amaranth; Avenel on her white horse; the appearance of Mara, the Singaporian beauty, in her langours; the vision of Prince Siddhartha; the girls on horseback in their Diana mood; and then the awakening description of Heaven—how Avenel and her lover, ascending the Amaranth Vine, discover that Heaven had become a jungle because the Angels had all descended into the stars so that their crucifixions might again redeem.

I am glad that Vachel Lindsay has given visions instead of details of social life—they would have been imaginary anyway. I am glad I am not asked to note how the Samurai of 2018 have themselves card-indexed. I am glad that I am not shown a world altered beyond our recognition. After all, the best that a poet can do in a book such as this is to embody in a striking way some universal idea; Mohammed embodied the idea of justice, Saint Augustine embodied the idea of sanctity in social life, "A.E." in The National Being has embodied the idea of brotherhood. The idea, I take it, that Vachel Lindsay strives to embody is the idea of tolerance.

In the Springfield of 2018 there are whites and blacks; there are Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Christian Scientists. They have come to terms, or they are coming to terms, with each other's creeds and heredíments. Each one's religion and each one's racial gift in being allowed to flow unimpeded, thus making for a richer social and spiritual life. Fanaticism has not been expunged, but it is now directed against the followers of the Cocaine Buddha and the enemies of the World Government. Race and family, and the traditions of race and family are gloried in. Vachel Lindsay puts forward a generous Americanism—a creed that is not exclusive, but catholic and inclusive. "The mystery of race," declares the American senator of the World Government, is first of all a sex mystery.—

> And with endless subtleties settled by instinct, on which no man can dogmatize though they have caused jealous Othello to misunderstand and kill Desdemona, and Jessica to understand and wed Lorenzo, from the beginning. If race is first of all a sex mystery, it is next a religious mystery, which is more easily expounded, from the standpoint of politics, and touches, perhaps more clearly, our theory of World Government. The prayers at our family altars differ in tone and accent. The races with a turn for sectarianism, like the Scotch, are still working in our blood, while others are the mainstay of the Cathedral. All phases of the race—the religious mystery, moving in harmony, cleanness and self-respect are not only a part of Springfield's total personality, but of Springfield's government, in the midst of apparent mob law.

I am glad that Vachel Lindsay approaches the human problem in his Utopia, not from the side of social machinery, but from the side of the soul. Says the preacher in the Cathedral:—

> Springfield has no tenements, but until the life of the United States outside of Springfield has its larger hours of leisure and more green clear spaces in which to cultivate codes and fine observances between boy and girl, the custom of selling the young girls to the slaughter will leap over the double Gothic walls and invade those groves and parks we call 'Springfield.' . . . . There is only one issue for sweethearts—honor or dishonor, citizen or slave.

I should have liked Vachel Lindsay to have been influenced a little by a constitution made by another poet for what was the Free State of Fiume. I should have liked to have met in print again that tenth Corporation of Workers that has "neither art, nor number, nor title. Its coming is expected like that of the Tenth Muse. It is reserved to the mysterious forces of the people in toil and attainment. It is almost a votive figure consecrated . . . to the complete liberation of the spirit over pain and agony, over blood and sweat."

PADRAIC COLUM

American Political Ideas

American Political Ideas, 1865-1917, by Charles Edward Merriam. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ON reading Merriam's book about American political ideas, one cannot help contrasting it with recent summaries of English thought by Laski and Barker. Across the sea, great landmarks like Locke, Burke, Bentham, Mill, and Spencer, determine the span of books. In America it is the fleeting years. There authors acquit themselves nobly by analyzing the systems of a few heroic figures. Here Merriam finds no Mills or Spencers but a veritable army of scribes, philosophers, and rhetoricians. Instead of building his chapters around the ideas of a few superior persons he summons to the court of discussion a great democracy of professors, politicians, judges, publicists, and editors.

The result is a digest of American debate on the issues current since 1865. There are, it is true, occasional summaries of contributions in general by men like Burgess, Sumner, and Veblen; but the main part of the pile is made out of the driftwood of five decades. In these pages we may discover what was thought by many persons great and small about suffrage (woman and Negro), the short ballot, direct government, the merits and demerits of legislative or executive supremacy, the individualistic doctrines of the courts, the recall of judges, changes in our form of government, nationalism and municipal home rule, bosses and primaries, pacifism and militarism, laissez-faire and socialism, and all the rest of the questions that have vexed us since Grant met Lee at Appomatox. Nothing has escaped Merriam's net. Nobody who was vocal during these years has eluded him. Finally, to make sure that all was weather tight he covered the academic associations and their doings; likewise the poets, novelists, and the singers of sweet songs. Jack London jostles Sumner and Dooley rubs elbows with Seligman. Perhaps after all there is some significance in this. Democracy insists on doing its own varied thinking. It resents Lockes, Burkes, and Mills. And why not? Do not the giants, the systematists, merely attempt to fix the process of history in a pattern of words, and thus unwittingly expose a complex of things really in transition more clearly to the slings and arrows of its opponents? In America everybody must have his fling. Political philosophy seems to be a great armory of logic, history, sociology, economics, theology, law, biology, and what not, from which each critic or protagonist, high or low, selects the weapons best fitted for his particular salient in the universal Kilkenny of talk.

Godkin scolds, weeps, and wrings his hands; Hylan is mayor in 1920. A distinguished lawyer threatens us with Magna Carta (the Latin of which he probably could

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not read to save his soul) and the New York legislature invades the sacred property rights of landlords, trampling the holy law of supply and demand in the dust. A college president masses learning to show the dangers of direct government, and asks for a referendum on prohibition. Schurz inveighs against imperialism in the Philippines, crushing us beneath the weight of Roman history, but the republic still lives. Roosevelt indignantly refuses to associate with "the receivers of stolen goods"; Harding and Robins sit down together in peace and harmony. Judges labor hard to prove that the irresistible logic of consistency compels them to reverse themselves; professors of law, mindful of many things, solemnly assure their classes that it must be so.

Still the world of reality marches on. Bankers weave ever tighter their web of international finance. Capitalists tear down skyscrapers to make room for Woolworth Towers. The shriek of the locomotive is heard in the jungle where Livingston prayed. The waste places of the earth are anointed with Standard Oil. Labor organizes and evolves a collective mind. The farmer stirs on the lonely plain. Crucible Steel, Anaconda Copper, and Baldwin Locomotive drop heavily in the market. Fordney proposes to fund the floating debt and rest it gently upon the backs of the tenth generation. England pays the interest on six million pounds borrowed to defeat Napoleon, using it as a pillow on which to drop the billions borrowed to defeat William II. Wrangel decorates American Red Cross workers. The world is crowded with many things.

And, it appears, a great deal of talk must accompany it all. The amount of it since 1865, according to Merriam's record, is dreadful to contemplate. He has analyzed it carefully and given us a fair and balanced digest of it. That is a real service, but it adds to the confusion by showing us how great the confusion always has been. Even his peroration bidding us to remember Lincoln will not help us in trying to discover the social utility of an excess profits tax or the wisest policy to pursue in the Pacific.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Argentine Drama

Three Plays of the Argentine, edited with an Introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt. New York: Duffield & Co.

IN these plays we see the naive gestures of a people that wears its emotions like its colors, bright side out. Yet not altogether a primitive people, tracing purely native and authentic patterns. Here are remnants, faded trumpery of civilizations, woven in with the pampas grass, and all seriously offered (with an over-sense of atmospheric values) as a local product. The result is a patchwork undeserving such appraisal as "Folk-drama in its most perfect sense," given by Mr. Bierstadt in his preface. Doubtless, the wish of Mr. Bierstadt and his translator, Jacob S. Fassett, faithfully to depict the spirit of the Argentine people accounts for the translation of the first two plays.

These plays, however, have a freshness and vigor of spaces our Wild West scenarios somehow lack. There are the same conventional gestures, the same corroborated sentiment from which any informing fire has gone out. But at least these are reminiscent of authentic instead of manufactured emotion. There is a celebration of liberty and defiance instead of servile admiration for bolstered authority. In Santos Vega, for instance, we are asked to sympathize with the troubadour who, while defending a chance acquaintance from arrest, defeats and slays three policemen out of four. In American melodrama it would be the virtuously triumphant detective who would receive the applause of the audience over three prostrate outlaws.

The two-act play, Juan Moriera, by Silverio Manco, seems to be a transcription of a play or plays in verse, whose authorship seems to be in some doubt. It is concerned with the struggle of the individual against the abuse of constitutional authority, here personified by the Alcalde or village magistrate. The latter, after driving Juan from his home to the pampas, persecutes the gaucho's wife in familiar style: "You shall be mine!" In this play everyone weeps copiously except the police. And Juan's wife, seduced by the arts of his enemy, shatters our faith in the peasant woman's hardihood by swooning at every crisis like the tender ladies of Victorian drawing-rooms.

Santos Vega, by Luis Bayon Herrera, devotes three acts and a prologue to a famous legendary minstrel of the pampas. It is, according to the introduction, a dramatized version of a poem by Obligado. Santos Vega, matchless singer and chivalrous fighter, embodies the melodious ideal of a primitive people, making its last stand against the inrush of a metallic civilization. Yet this ideal has already achieved its outer circle beyond which there is no possible growth. In Santos Vega we see it—like a bubble about to burst—at the moment of its greatest expansion.

Witches' Mountain, by Julio Sanchez Gardel, a tragedy in three acts, is incomparably the strongest and most artistically conscious expression of the three. The action hinges on the old eternal doubt of a man's fatherhood. Taedo, bitter, full of evil magnetism and fertilized by hate as plants by a latrine, is uncertain of the parentage of his son, Leon, to whose ruin and slow torture he therefore dedicates his life. His son throws off his influence in the last act, and too late Taedo recognizes flesh of his flesh in the fires of his own hate reflected in Leon's eyes.

The inevitability of this drama and its authenticities of emotion come near to creating real literary values. But the characters lack the pliancy of life. All motives and desires are merged into a single passion that, cast into a giant form, stands stiffly expanded. Thus the figures have no "give" in them. This does not apply to Indra, who in her oscillation between Leon, her betrothed, and his brother Daniel, her brutal but inevitable mate, is a living vacillating woman. This play shows the influence of northern writers. It has distinct power and gives promise of future achievement.

Mr. Bierstadt in his painstaking introduction has traced the rise and development of the drama criollo, and has left a clear trail for any interested student to follow. But in attempting any estimate of the dramatic art of the Argentine through the medium of this work, it would be well to note Mr. Bierstadt's own words: "This book, this path-breaker, is most notable perhaps for what is has, perforce, left unsaid."

LOLA RIDGE.

Contributors

MAX MCCONN is Registrar and Assistant to the President at the University of Illinois.

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